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VICTORIA'S KNIGHTS DEFEND HER

Belittling Pens Provoke the Old Queen's Surviving Prime Minister and Her Favorite Prelate to Rise Up and Call Her Immortal—She Left an Example at Which It Is Now Easy to Scoff

"In Their Attitude Toward the Queen, the Detractors Resemble Small Boys."

By P. W. WILSON

THERE in her tomb at Frogmore Queen Victoria sleeps apart. Tomorrow is the one hundred and seventh anniversary of Victoria's birth. Dead these twenty-five years, she would rest alone did not Albert the Good still share her solitude. At the grave of the Unknown Soldier the crowds gather. The very name Frogmore is all but forgotten. And, compared with Westminster Abbey, what a name!

Yet the soul of the old Queen of England must be stirred to a majestic gratitude at the spectacle of two Lords of Parliament, the one temporal and the other spiritual, declaring that while they have breath in their venerable bosoms their Royal Mistress shall never be buried beneath the belittlements of a generation that cares more for an inch of bandage on King Tut-ankh-Amen than for continents added to an empire on which, when Queen Victoria lived, the sun itself did not dare to set. Into the arena of such twentieth century triviality ride Lord Rosebery, the only surviving Prime Minister of the Queen, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, her favorite prelate; and from their bath chairs, as it were, throw down the gauntlet to knights of the quill like Lytton Strachey and the unpublished Greville. Of the Round Table at which Gilbert and Sullivan were the Court Fools and Tennyson was the Poet Laureate, the Archbishop and the Earl alone survive. And they exchange letters that declare Victoria to be immortal in her greatness.

After all, they have a right to their reminiscences. Lytton Strachey has read and heard and imagined, but only second hand. These men were there. They are eyewitnesses. They know. They saw. And they cannot be contradicted. To this day they are governed by that unparalleled awe with which all were mastered who approached Victoria. Over a theory you may argue. But you cannot argue with awe. It is a fact. It has to be accepted. It is evidence which does not admit of cross-examination. Awe is unanswerable.

It was, after all, only after her back was turned that the pigmies of a succeeding generation began to shoot their playful but poisoned arrows into the vast void where once Victoria reigned. In so far as Lytton Strachey has breathed the breath of life into the monument on her pedestal, he has rendered a service. Like Washington, Queen Victoria was human. But it is one thing to humanize a monument and quite another thing to minimize it. In their attitude toward the Queen the detractors resemble small boys who take snapshots of Mount Everest with their pocket cameras and then find the hill not so big after all. Let them try to climb it, and they will then discover the dimensions.

It requires greatness to appreciate the great. Today, we are told that the Queen was a bundle of trivialities. We are told this because the trivial is the language which we can best understand. But the men and women who mattered in Britain and who made Britain matter to the rest of the world never depreciated Victoria. A sentence from her pen drove Palmerston, the most powerful Minister of his day, into retirement. Her contemporaries, be they friends or foes, knew that, in an era of genius, there was here a genius on the throne. Beethoven was not more supreme over the art of music than was Victoria over the art of reigning.

That Queen Victoria was plain did not matter. Like an opera singer, she had the voice. And her face did not matter. Far more beautiful was the Empress Eugénie. But far less regal. Watch them closely at a gala performance. They curtsey to the plaudits. Then the Empress, like the rest of us, glances behind her to make sure that, if she sits, there will be a chair to sit upon. Victoria does not turn her head an inch. Where she sits and when she sits she knows that there will always be a chair. It is the difference between acquired ability and born genius.

And it is that kind of story that does not appear in Lytton Strachey. It would not have fitted his theory of Victoria as a vivacious, impetuous, emotional automaton. It was not simply, as Strachey tells us, that Victoria was Queen of England. It was that, as Queen, she was superb and supreme.

That God created Victoria a girl like other girls; a woman like other women; that she became a wife like other wives, a mother like other mothers, and a widow like other widows, is quite true. She herself continually insisted upon it. But the fact that Raphael may have used a toothpick is no criticism of his Madonnas. Grant that Victoria was no more than normal in normal affairs. Grant that in her voluminous correspondence—more of which is now under publication—she reveals herself as no more than a normal (*Continued on Page 22*)

LACKING GOLD LACE, OUR ARMY BLUSHES

Olive-Drab, Having Low Visibility, Is The Most Conspicuous Garb in Sight at a State Reception

"A Familiar Figure, Stalking About in Horseboots, Suddenly Intrudes."

By HERBERT C. THOMPSON

OUR army officers, as smart and gallant a set of military men as the world can show, have kept tailors busy of late with their new roll coat collars. But they are not satisfied. Even if the roll collar exposes a triangle of white linen and black tie at dress affairs the army men remain duily garbed in olive drab, while officers of the navy and the marine corps eclipse them with blue and gold.

The "O. D." may go at a dance down at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., but the situation is different at posts near seaports, where dinners and dancing parties bring the army man into social competition with the dressy chap from the ship. And in Washington, focal point of the nation's official life, the contrast is positively depressing.

Let us see what happens at that annual White House pageant known as the diplomatic reception. Here the President receives the members of the diplomatic corps and high officials of State, together with such of our fighting men as have attained the rank of Admiral or General. The great salons of the Executive mansion—in a Latin republic it would be called the President's "palace"—are flooded with light that glitters from crystal chandeliers and glows through banks of ferns and flowers. The fine elegance of these classic rooms harmonizes well with the imposing scene on the polished parquetry.

Glorious Accoutrements

Ambassadors, Ministers and Envoys in court dress heavily brocaded with gold oak leaves (or perhaps grapevines) appear with their Military and Naval Attachés, whose varied pictorial accoutrements represent the Napoleonic tradition at the height of its glory. Although our own elder statesmen look a bit sombre in black cloth and white fronts, at least they have the negative merit of doing the correct thing and of upholding their civilian dignity. As for our navy and Marine Corps commanders, with their heavy gold epaulets or shoulder knots, gold buttons and gold cuff bands, it may be said that they hold their own easily against these resplendent foreign attachés.

Into the midst of this kaleidoscopic brilliance there now intrudes a familiar figure in olive drab, stalking about in horseboots, as much out of keeping with the scene as a Sunday golfer in plus fours. Looming up like a sore thumb, he courageously makes his way through the scintillating throng. Conversation hushes. It is a General of the United States Army.

Such things happen in Washington. Yet who in official life raises a voice in indignant protest? Who steps forth to assert the right of the army to its historic blue and gilt? No champion arises in officialdom, and the public does not seem to give a whoop. So we hear such expressions as those that came recently from Representative McSwain, who would like to institute dress reform in the navy and the Marine Corps.

"To see some of our officers decorated at a full dress affair," Mr. McSwain laments, "would make you think they were a lot of dukes, marquises, viscounts and barons."

It pains the democratic sensibilities of the member from South Carolina, and his remark reflects the opinion of the plain folk. But if this state of affairs oppresses a large class of citizens, it afflicts no less, though in quite a different way, the General who, uncomfortable and humbled in his workaday rig, rattles his spurs over the waxed floors. And if the General feels unjustly treated, what must be the emotions of poor Mrs. General, who has to endure the

A Style of Suit Designed to Strike a Happy Medium.

amused condescension of Mrs. Admiral?

However offensive the thought may be to political philosophers steeped in Jeffersonism, there is a psychological side to a uniform which may not be dismissed with a gesture. The allurement of imposing dress is instinctive in the race, and it cannot be explained away by materialists. Savages decorate themselves with ochre and feathers at tribal ceremonies. The governmental systems of most of the civilized countries rest upon display not essentially different. Social distinctions in democracies are based upon clothes.

And the very fellow who prides himself on his horse sense and sniffs at military pomp goes in for the most plus of plus fours, and joins the fraternal order that wears the most fanciful and extravagant uniform. It is he who supports the hotels with majordomos in knee-breeches and frogged liveries. According to the movies, the Czar's court never equaled the splendor of the home of the ordinary American millionaire. In fact, the social chasm between the overstuffed flunky and the black-shirted porter is one of the remarkable anomalies of American democracy. Here again, of course, the real gulf is between Mrs. Flunky and Mrs. Porter.

In Drab Contrast

To dress like a duke is the official privilege of officers of the Navy and Marine Corps, and the free right of well-tipped menials and of members of fraternal marching ranks. Upon the old army alone has utilitarianism in dress been forced.

It is now seven years since our Government began to muster out war troops and still longer since the regulars laid away their garrison blue in cedar chests. Yet as late as this year's diplomatic reception army Generals wore the same uniform to this august function as they would wear at a stable inspection.

The excuse for not giving back to the army its historic blue sounds plausible until analyzed. Economy! It would be a shame, say the statesmen, to put these officers to the expense of extra tailoring, which must come out of their own pockets, when they can get along decently in olive-drab. Yet Navy and Marine Corps officers on the same scale of pay have to dig into their private funds for their dress clothes and never has a plaint been heard from them over the high cost of gold lace. So the army man alone advertises thrift at dress affairs.

The old blue uniforms did represent a considerable initial expense. They included dress, full dress, mess and social evening dress. The mess jacket, cut short in the back but otherwise corresponding to a dinner coat, may still be worn in white in the tropics. But social evening dress of smooth blue-black cloth on claw-hammer lines, with gold shoulder knots, gold buttons and velvet cuffs with vines of gold embroidered about, low white gold-buttoned waistcoat exposing the conventional expanse of stiff shirt, all matched with gold stripes down the seams of the trousers, rests under an official ban.

These four types of blue uniform would cost today a full $500, made by capable tailors with average quality of gold work. But the cost would mount with a fashionable tailor and heavier plated trimmings.

A navy officer's dress clothes cost him between $500 and $800. His social evening dress alone, tailored of moleskin with heavy fringed gold epaulets and accompanied with the necessary cocked hat, means an outlay of about $350.

Were the blue restored, only one class of officer would feel the strain, and that is the married officer without independent means. But even in his case the wife should skimp to make up the difference. For was she not in love with the army before she was in love with the man who, in her fond eyes, personified it?

There is, however, a rift in the clouds. The present "O. D." uniform is not all that it should be. Its dye does not always stand undaunted against the rays of a bright sun. Moreover, the manufacturers of blue cloth are developing a deep sympathy with the just aspirations of the land service. The great war stores of olive-drab for the enlisted men are, between distributions to guardsmen and reserves and sales to militant foreign countries, rapidly approaching depletion. So the time is not far distant when new contracts must be let. As costs of cloth and tailoring are the same, the blue will have its opportunity to be reconsidered for barracks use.

Even for field purposes olive-drab has its weaknesses and drawbacks. Admittedly it is far less conspicuous than the blue of the Civil War. It does reduce the human target in the face of weapons of precision and rapid fire. Yet at best it is a compromise between the conflicting ends of campaign utility and military smartness, with the defects inherent in all compromises.

"This Chivalry Business Is Still in Evidence at Children's Parties."

The Civilian on Parade Can Dress Resplendently.

Engineers, chemists and physicists have long been employed by the military, but not until the last war did the biologist have his chance. The biologist came as an expert on nature's disguises. He explained that a tiger's stripes, once thought in bad taste, were imitations of the light rays that break through the thick foliage of the jungle, to aid him in stalking his prey or eluding his foe. Nature, so the army learned, abhors solid masses of color. And a body of men in olive-drab forms a block of solid color. Thus, on final analysis, our present service uniform is far from being ideal for fighting purposes.

Lord It Over the Army

A scientifically devised campaign uniform would, on this theory, resemble a crazy quilt or the jester's costume worn with humorous intent in medieval courts. Furthermore, the symmetry of the advancing wave of men would be broken with a scattering disguised as bushes, cows or fence posts.

Meanwhile our jaunty sailors lord it at social functions with bullion trimmings, and our hard-working soldiers strive to appear happy in olive-drab, wondering what the civilian would say if obliged by law to wear a single style of suit designed to strike a happy medium between the exigencies of duck hunting and the dressy requirements of the drawing room.

TWO NATIONS TO HONOR JOHN ERICSSON

Granite Monument to Inventor of the Monitor Will Stand Near the Lincoln Memorial—Sweden, His Native Land, Sends the Crown Prince to Join the President in Paying Tribute

Adventure, a Detail of the Monument.

Labor, Portrayed on the Monument.

By VIRGINIA POPE

IN the chill dawn of March 9, 1862, the thunder of the first battle of ironclads rang out. Never before in history had such a spectacle occurred. Across the waters of Hampton Roads moved a strange-looking craft, her hull so flat and so low as to be barely visible above the water. A large, round object on deck amidships revolved slowly, emitting tongues of red flame. "A cheese box on a raft," some one called her. She moved lightly about an even stranger looking monster, now advancing, now withdrawing, in no apparent fear of the "great megalosaurus, or dinotherium, in a scaly armor none could pierce, that breathed fire and smoke from its nostrils."

The Monitor and the Merrimac were engaged in a struggle that was to make history and write a new page in the annals of naval warfare. The "wooden walls" behind which maritime powers had so long fought and gained victories were to vanish from the seas.

Merrimac Confident

The two enemies got under way at 7:30. Confident of success, the Merrimac headed for the pigmy that had come to challenge her strength. She passed proudly by the wreckage she had created twenty-four hours earlier. The valiant Cumberland had gone to the bottom, and the dull red glow of the smoldering Congress had lighted the Monitor as she entered the channel. Undaunted by the formidable appearance of her foe, the Monitor swept clear of the Minnesota, at whose side she had lain, and closed in on her enemy.

The first shots burst from the Merrimac's bow pivot gun. They were promptly answered by the Monitor, which changed her course and ran up alongside the enemy to shorten the range. Back came a broadside. The Monitor stood her ground, whirling like a top around her adversary. The shots that fell upon her glanced off; her iron garment was impenetrable; unharmed her turret continued to revolve, hurling its shells at the Merrimac's sides. For two hours the ships fired at close range.

The Merrimac had another hope. She had been built to ram, and had already successfully used that weapon on the wooden vessels of the Federal fleet. Gathering her forces, she prepared to strike and finish her opponent. Orders were given and the awkward creature obeyed as best she could. She advanced, stopped, turned, churning the water around her into a white foam. She lunged forward. The "cheese box" escaped her onslaught and slipped from under her stem, receiving only a glancing blow which did her no harm. A quick manoeuvre and her bow was at the Merrimac's side; from one of her guns a well-aimed shot struck squarely on the forward part of the enemy's casement.

The Monitor was not without a vulnerable point. On her forward deck, projecting some four feet, stood her pilot house, barely large enough to hold three men. In it her commander, Lieutenant Worden, was stationed. A shell caught the front side of the iron box, tearing an opening in one of the sight holes. Her commander, temporarily blinded, was obliged to withdraw, leaving his post to the executive officer, S. Dana Greene.

Not willing to call it a day, Lieutenant Jones of the Merrimac determined to gain an advantage before the battle was done, gave orders: "Boarders away!" The men sprang to their places, but long before the vessel could reach the object of its attack, the Monitor had made shoal water, safe from approach.

When the smoke of battle cleared, each side claimed victory. However that may be, the moral victory belonged to the North; the Monitor with two guns had proved that the Merrimac with twenty could no longer hold the Federal fleet in terror. And to the Monitor goes the honor of having been the forerunner of the modern man-of-war.

Half a century before the shells of the Monitor exploded, a lad of 9 was hard at work, striving to comprehend the principle of motion, little dreaming that in 1926 his name would resound on two continents, that the Government of his adopted country and his Americanized countrymen would erect a monument to commemorate his achievements. Nor could he have imagined that the scion of the reigning house of his native land would cross the seas to witness its unveiling.

On May 29 a memorial statue to John Ericsson, erected on the Mall in Washington, almost within the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial, will be unveiled in the presence of the President of the United States, the Crown Prince of Sweden and many notable citizens of the two countries.

The conception of the granite monument is partly symbolical. The inventor of the Monitor is seated at its base, while behind and above him are three masterful figures, representing Vision, Adventure and Labor. They are grouped about a Norse tree of life. The statue is the work of James Earle Fraser.

Untiring in Youth

The boy whose untiring energy and application were later to bring him such honor spent the formative years of his youth in a remote part of Sweden devoting every available waking hour to the study of mechanics. While still young he gave promise of the genius which the future was to discover. Ericsson was born July 31, 1803, at a time when the new era of mechanics had barely begun. The little township of Langbanshytten is in that rough and rugged section of Sweden, known as Vermland, swept by the arctic winds. It was the birthplace of old sagas which the boy John learned and loved, and which bred in him the spirit that made him call himself a "Swede of Swedes."

On his father's side Ericsson came from a long line of mining men; his mother was a cultured woman, to whose teachings he owed his first education. Misfortune beset the family, however, as the result of the Russo-Swedish war over Finland, and, in 1811, Olaf Ericsson was forced to seek employment on the Göta Canal, the most important engineering feat being carried on in Sweden.

The lad soon found favor among the engineers of the company and was welcome in their offices. He rapidly assimilated knowledge and picked up draftsmanship, an art in which he excelled throughout his life. At an age when other youngsters play games he was studying mechanics and drawing.

It was not long before his talents became known to the officials of the Göta Canal. At 13 he was made assistant leveler, and the year following chief leveler, in charge of 600 Swedish troops. Later the powerful Count Platen got the boy an appointment as cadet in the mechanical corps of the navy. Next he joined the Field Chasseurs of Jemtland and quite naturally turned to the science of artillery, unconsciously preparing himself for his future activities.

Such hours as he could spare from his artillery duties he spent in developing the first model of his flame engine. The King, feeling that Sweden was lacking in the opportunities needed by the talented youth, suggested that he take his engine to England. His flame engine met with difficulties owing to the difference in the fuel he was obliged to use, but, undaunted, he turned his energies in other directions.

His charm of manner, his brilliance of mind and pleasing appearance soon helped him make a place for himself. Good fortune led him to John Braithwaite, manufacturer of machinery, with whom he formed a partnership. Invention followed invention in rapid succession. One of the most important of these was a water pump driven by compressed air.

Whether or not Ericsson foresaw that the craze of the twentieth century would be speed and that it would become the driving power of his adopted country, he saw the immense possibilities that lay in the development of steam as a power, and its importance to navigation. The steam boilers in use at the time were clumsy affairs, and the fires beneath them sluggish. He found a remedy in the application of the principle of artificial draughts and in the tubular boiler. The credit of inventing surface condensation as applied to steam navigation is also given to him. Both his boiler and his surface condenser were installed in the Victory—his first attempt to place the machinery of a vessel below the water line.

His Railway Engine

A railroad line connecting Liverpool and Manchester was under construction. Officers of the company offered a prize for a steam engine adapted to draw twenty tons, its own limit of weight not to exceed six tons. Ericsson's engine, the Novelty, was the only one that could rival Stephenson's Rocket. During the trial "it shot by the Rocket like a projectile," to quote a contemporary, "but the workmanship was not equal to that of the stout Northumbrian, though the scientific condition of the Novelty was probably of a more advanced order."

The inventor's greatest success, however, lay not on land but on the sea. After adding a hot-air engine to his already long list of productions he turned his attention to ocean navigation. Ericsson saw that steamships could not fairly compete with the best clippers until there was a "radical revolution in the means of applying power." In 1833 he carried on experiments with submerged propellers. He fortunately met two Americans who appreciated the things he was aiming to accomplish—Francis B. Ogden, United States Consul in Liverpool, and later through him, Robert F. Stockton of the United States Navy.

The ancestor of the tugboat Fran-

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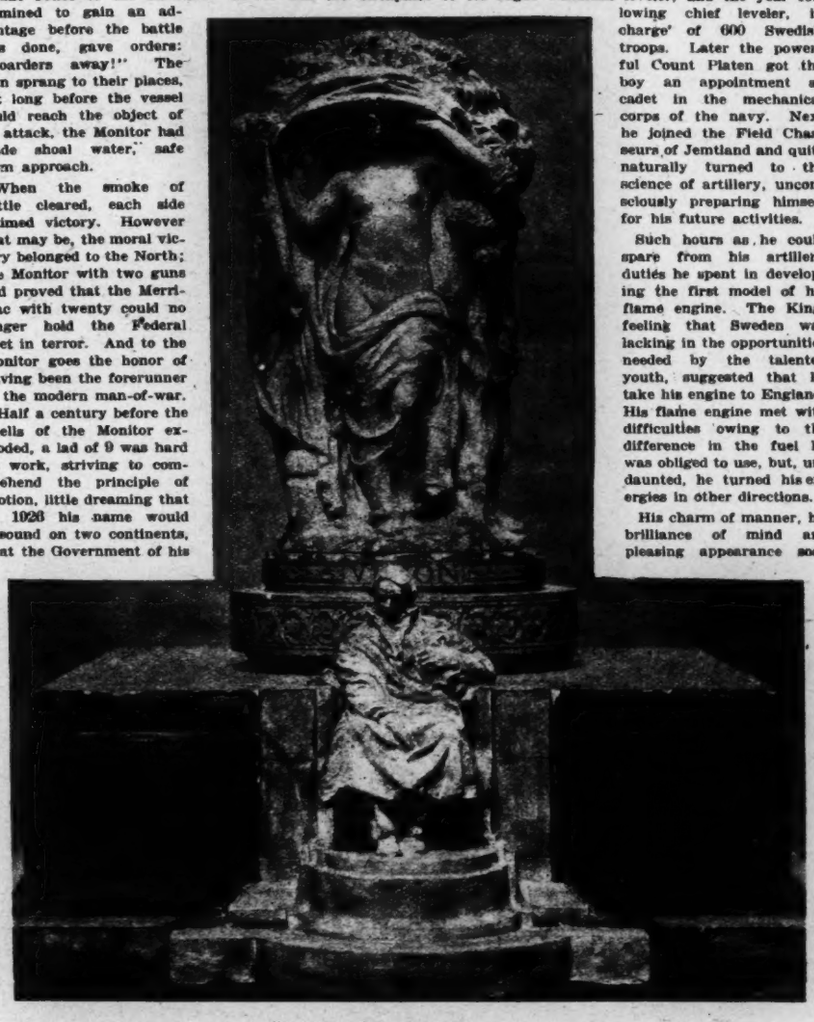

The John Ericsson Monument.
James Earle Fraser, Sculptor.

UNCLE SAM NOW HEEDS HIS NEIGHBORS

America's Old Self-Centred Attitude Has Given Place to Keen Interest in Problems of the World at Large

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

UNCLE SAM has a firmly established reputation as an "offish" neighbor. He is looked upon as incorrigibly unsociable. When his various fellow-citizens of the world form a club he turns up his nose and refuses to be interested. Even an invitation to a party he looks at askance, and, if he attends at all, comes late, says nothing and leaves early.

This was not always so. There was a time when he was deeply interested in his neighbors. That was in the days when he was a young uncle, just emerged into the status of nationhood. He had just finished a war with Great Britain and the resulting hostility did not abate until some time after he had fought a second war in 1812. France had helped immensely in the Revolution, but this did not prevent his getting very angry at her a few years later.

These two were the most important of his foreign interests, but they were by no means alone. Relations with every other country on the globe were much in his thought. In those formative days Uncle Sam sent his ablest citizens to handle the difficult problems confronting a new nation trying to find its place in a none too friendly world. Franklin was for years engaged on foreign missions. Adams, Monroe, Jay—men in the front rank of American statesmen—were pressed into this highly responsible service.

Once he had found his place and been acknowledged by the other powers of the earth as one of them, however, Uncle Sam allowed home interests to engross his attention. There was the West to be opened, there was industry to be established and there was commerce to be developed. Great issues such as slavery had to be fought out. These things absorbed all of his thought and energy. Europe was far away. She had her own problems, and they were none of his. There was a time when even China loomed larger on his horizon than did the European nations. After the early '20s, when threats of the Holy Alliance to coerce the newborn South American republics prompted the Monroe Doctrine, Uncle Sam took little interest in what went on in the rest of the world.

During the following years the young uncle waxed strong and wealthy. His own business still engrossed his attention. The men he chose to represent him at foreign capitals were not always the best, and as for a consul—any old politician would do. The diplomatic service became a joke and a plaything for the wealthy. Real diplomacy was looked upon with deep-seated suspicion as being a thing of slimy ways and gruesome purpose. The story comes down from those days of a former coachman of a newly installed President. The coachman called to compliment his one-time master and incidentally to ask for a job.

"What sort of job would you like?" asked the President.

"You could make me Minister to Brazil," was the modest reply.

"Do you think you're a big enough man for a diplomatic job?" asked the amused Executive.

"I will be if you make me Minister to Brazil."

From this idea that foreign affairs were a sort of vermiform appendix to government—a useless and perhaps dangerous attachment—the shock of the war with Spain was by no means enough to free the now quite self-sufficient Samuel. In spite of having been saddled with the care and feeding of a lot of orphan islands scattered over the world, from the near-by Caribbean to the far corners of the Pacific, he sank again into his international lethargy. So deep was it that he failed utterly to hear the thundering reverberations heralding the storm of 1914—so that the storm itself seemed to him to break from a cloudless sky.

Uncle Sam was a bit miffed at this. Somehow he felt that he was a prominent citizen of the world and that such a big event should not have been arranged without consulting him. Even a place on the Executive Committee would not have been inappropriate.

Before it was over he got all the recognition he wanted. He was not only given a prominent place on the Committee on Arrangements, but was also made Honorary Treasurer, with the privilege of paying a large share of the bills. It was costly, but he quite liked the honor of the thing. His unsophisticated nature expanded as he contemplated the opportunities that lay before him. He would straighten out the crooked ways of international dealings, get rid of this diplomatic trickery and put world politics on an honest business basis.

He tried, and tried honestly, to do all this—but soon awoke to the fact that it wasn't to be done. Selfishness was not dead. The other nations spoke nicely of his schemes, but took good care to see that if these were put into effect at all it was only after they had been altered to suit European designs. The benevolent Samuel was evidently disgusted. If the world was not going to play the game his way, the world could go hang. It might work out its own salvation as best it could. He was through trying to help it. Moreover, it could jolly well pay him back the money he'd spent trying to straighten out the mess the other nations had got the world into.

A grumpy uncle still nurses his disillusionment. He is touchy about admitting that he cares a continental what his neighbors are doing or what they want him to do. He will bow to them correctly as they pass, but will not be caught off his guard or show the least enthusiasm.

Uncle Sam Rediscovers Europe.

As a matter of fact, however, he is becoming immensely curious about his neighbors, their plans and their doings. Look at his morning paper and you'll find that where in 1913 there were a few paragraphs of anonymous dispatches from foreign capitals, there are today columns and columns of foreign news cabled to this country over the signatures of highly trained special correspondents, stationed in all quarters of the globe. No paper of any importance feels that it can do without an adequate foreign service. No meeting or event of international import but has its score of American experts describing the proceedings and interpreting their meaning for Uncle Sam at his breakfast table.

And this breakfast table interest is not merely a matter of curiosity over the doings of his neighbors. Any banker takes keen interest in the fortunes of his borrowers. Uncle Sam has on his books a substantial debit against his neighbors. They owe his business office in Washington some $12,000,000,000. His citizens have lent to foreign Governments and corporations about $10,000,000,000 more. That means that for every family in this country there is about $1,000 owing from abroad. Incidentally, as a merchant Uncle Sam does a business of nearly $10,000,000,000 a year with these neighbors as customers. Small wonder that he wants to know about them every morning with his coffee.

Nor does his interest end at the bottom of the newspaper column. He expects, and finds, that his magazines, both weekly and monthly, are devoting much more of their space to a consideration of foreign problems. Where it was possible to pick up a dozen magazines in 1913 and find not one article dealing with anything outside the country, it is scarcely possible to find a stray number now that does not have two or three such articles.

Not only have the older magazines found it to their advantage to pay increased attention to foreign subjects, but a number of new ones also have been founded for the express purpose of interpreting international events and the peoples of other lands. Some of these have found their ambitions greater than their abilities, and have fallen by the wayside; but many have become well established and their steady growth indicates that Uncle Sam's interest in the rest of the world is no passing whim. He has made it a definite part of his business to know what the other part of the world is doing and how it is faring.

Then look over a list of the books he buys. You will find that a good third of the non-fiction books deal with foreign countries or his relations with them. Book publishers do not decide what Uncle Sam shall read and then offer their selections to him. Book publishers are merchants. They find out what Uncle Sam wants and then see that he gets it. He evidently has a good appetite just now for books about his neighbors.

He is also making preparations to provide that the younger generation shall not be as self-centred as he was in his youth. Compare the university courses offered today with those of a couple of decades ago. Old subjects like ancient and medieval history still appear, but are almost lost in the array of studies of modern history, international relations, foreign trade and diplomacy. Young America is destined to know more of the aims and methods of Young Turkey and Young China than ever did old America of the Sultans and the Sons of Heaven.

In addition to these regular courses given by the Faculty members, many of the colleges have received special gifts to make possible lectures by authorities in the field of international relations. Many of these endowments are devoted to the high purpose of "international understanding," "the elimination of war," or some similar end. But the only practical way of attacking these problems is to know more of the forces that bring about misunderstanding and war. These forces have their springs deep in the nature and economic conditions of the various peoples of the world, and the causes must be understood before the effects can be dealt with intelligently.

The youth of the land are not alone in poring over these profound problems. More mature students, including many of those upon whom rests responsibility for the conduct of our foreign affairs and for the creation of an intelligent public opinion

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COLORS CLASH IN SOUTH AFRICAN UNION

Whites, Outnumbered By Blacks, Want to Segregate the Native Race

Hewers of Wood—Natal Girls Homeward Bound.

By WYONA DASHWOOD

COLOR clashes threaten the peace of South Africa. Black natives number five and a half million to a colonist white population of one and a half million. The native vote in the Cape Province alone has so increased that it has been the deciding factor in the election of twelve out of the fifty-one members representing that Province in the Union Parliament.

Within the comparatively short space of fifty years, it is estimated, the native voting strength in the Cape will exceed that of the white man.

Statesmen and politicians in the past have wished to solve this problem of the white colonist and black native, but, not caring to risk their political standing by the experiment, they have kept discreetly aloof.

Now General J. M. B. Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union and the first of its statesmen in all its stormy history to admit the exigency of a ticklish problem, says that the five and a half millions must be segregated.

General Jan Smuts, who is also campaigning for return to power, and has a party platform of his own, is scathingly critical of the plan.

A Native Witch Doctor Holds a Seance.

Encouraged by Smuts, a small band of native agitators are openly threatening the white man, who is "asserting his superiority by an act which would make of the native a thing without the power to vote in his own country."

Summarized, the Hertzog measure involves:

The disenfranchisement of the Cape Province native and the extension of the colored vote to the rest of the Union.

The placing of all natives on reserved areas like that of Swaziland and Basutoland.

The granting to the native of direct Parliamentary representation by means of seven native-elected European members, and the partial election of members to a Native Council, to function as a Native Parliament in collaboration with the Union Parliament.

The idea behind it is to give the native a chance to develop along his own lines and afford him the opportunity to lay a sound national foundation on which to ground the more advanced economic, social and political system of the white man's civilization. Without this intermediate step, it is held, modern European civilization is apt to be to the semi-civilized native of much the same use as a razor in the hands of a monkey.

Reservations already exist for the native, created—as Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland—to check tribal fighting, or—as Transkei, Tembuland, East Griqualand and Pondoland in the northeastern Cape Province—to clear other land for mining and farming. The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley was a signal for the movement of the natives there to reservations. This so impressed the native consciousness that the chiefs forbade their tribesmen to uncover mineral findings.

In Basutoland some of the natives uncovered coal deposits and began selling to white missionaries, traders and Government officials, but when word of the commerce reached the paramount chief he ordered it stopped and the diggings covered. In Bechuanaland, where there is believed to be considerable gold, even the sinking of wells is prohibited for this reason. Sooner or later the native will grasp the fact that the land he now occupies is his own, dependent upon himself for development, and not to be encroached upon in any way by the white people.

The danger, if more subtle, is even greater than in the violent past. For the main point with the native now seems to be multiplication, and he works reluctantly. Whole acres of cotton have had to be plowed under when the native, having enough money for his taxes and enough corn in his kraal, has refused to come out and pick. Out of a heritage of fear that alternated between the terror of annihilation or slavery by another tribe and of the dreadful charms of the witch doctor, he has evolved a philosophy of living for the present which reduces his reliability to a minimum.

Only Three Wives Taxed

This characteristic has been combated in great part by the Government, which, in return for bringing him its protection, exacts a "huut" or "head" tax from each native over 21, whether single or married. Since polygamy is general, the premium for having a second wife is a double head tax, and for a third wife it is tripled. One wife is not counted as extra. He is not charged beyond the third, either—the Government perhaps believing that such a man has trouble enough on his hands.

Somehow the native must obtain this money for the yearly tax-gatherer, and there is ample employment for him in the towns. The chiefs act as agents for labor bureaus and receive 5 shillings for every youth they enroll. To the white people facing the costly task of developing a new country, the low cost of native labor seemed the solution to their problem.

But from being a convenience, the native has become a necessity. Those who agree with General Hertzog believe he is a drain upon the whites in his present juxtaposition; that the dependence upon him for physical labor of all kinds serves to reduce the sense of the dignity of labor among the young white generation; that native labor, cheap as it is, will prove incalculably expensive since it will undermine the energy of the white; that segregation of the native, with the necessity for making his living from his own territory, will impel young whites to participate in labor.

So South Africa begins to feel the menace of its indolent, ignorant five and a half millions—seven and a half, if you count all the territory south of the Zambesi—upon the wise disposal of whom depends the prosperity of its future.

To the casual visitor, the native appears ubiquitous and, after the marvelous industrial development throughout the Union, the most interesting object there to study.

At Durban he pulls the rickshas about the streets, dressed terribly in colored feathers that do not in the least match his amiable grin. In the great gold mines of the Rand 185,000 of them are at work beside 22,000 whites, and you hear his chant. You see him as chef, waiter, porter, coachman, chauffeur, gardener, navvy, miner, plowman. And you see him in the kraal.

Work in the diamond mines at Kimberley has fascination for him. When his contract terminates he is kept five days under guard because of his propensity for stealing, and is allowed to take only soft clothing away with him; even his footwear must be left behind, for he is clever at secreting diamonds in his boot-heels. One native who fell under suspicion had swallowed stones to the value of $3,700, and another a 152-carat diamond. Once the company doctor found gems hidden in a hole made in a native's leg.

The trek back to the kraal is delayed no longer than necessary. And with the first mile out, off come his boots, for it is hot walking, and he has scarcely resumed his life in the shaggy huts before he strips off every stitch of the white man's garb. Presently he shows no trace of ever having tasted the life of the towns.

At Cape Town, the first landing you make, you look everywhere for the "native." You realize at last that these fellows in wide trousers and straw hats are native grandees. You feel that it is too bad to see the clothes of Western civilization on them. They do not compare in interest with the dashing young men who parade the streets of Johannesburg on Sundays in red blankets, tinkling and jingling with metal and ivory ornaments.

Native women can wear white women's clothes less patently, when they choose bright colors and a simple style, and wear no shoes and stockings. But even so, you prefer their own red dresses trimmed with beads and bootlaces.

The Road to Zululand

In Zululand, they don't wear very much of anything, although the women do put on petticoats to go to the white settlements. Among Zulu young women it is the vogue to plaster their hair with red clay, as a way of saying they are married and from the country.

But it is something first to get to Zululand. You pass through mango groves, where the Sykes monkeys sleep through the hot hours or walk in a procession through the steaming air, where sometimes a flamingo flashes to the lakes beyond, and sometimes an antelope streaks from its lair.

Perched on the hills are the little thatched huts of the Zulus, hills sometimes separating a dwelling from its neighbor, always separating the kraals. It is a patriarchial land in these native reserves, where each man receives for tillage such soil as his needs suggest, living in solitary state upon his own little hill, or as a unit of the more clannish life of the many kraals. The Zulu King has been deposed for the peace of the country but there are tribal chiefs under supervision of the Union Government.

For thirty years the Government has tried to introduce individual land tenure in place of the communal system of holding land among the natives, but it is not popular. Natives who do farm work small fields.

As a rule the women are mentally inferior to the men, but now and then you come across a self-assertive old dame, accustomed to rule

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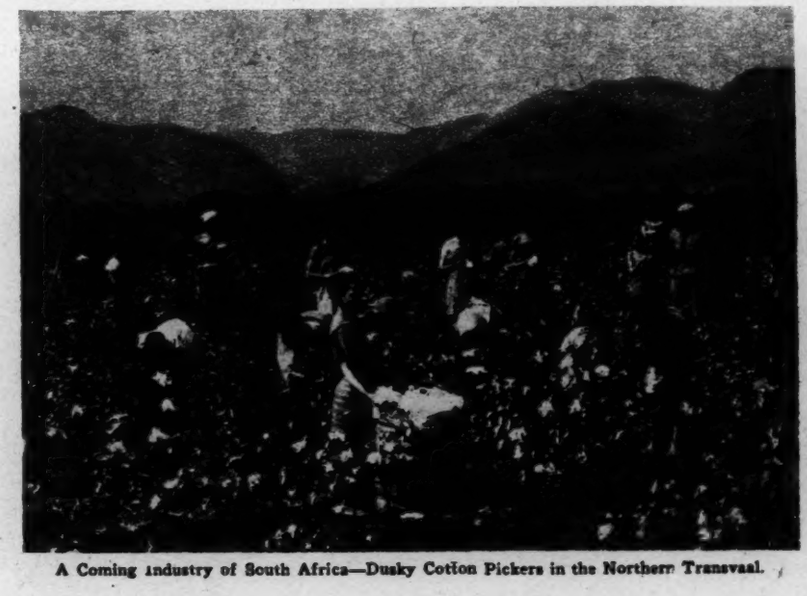
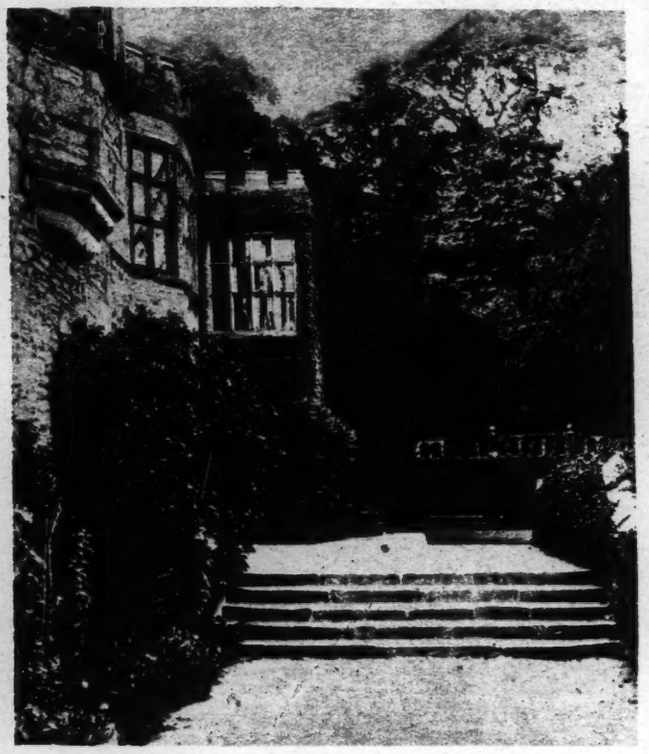


A Coming Industry of South Africa—Dusky Cotton Pickers in the Northern Transvaal.

FEUDAL HADDON HALL RETURNS TO LIFE

Duke of Rutland Is Preparing England's Most Venerable Manor House for Residence—Has Been Empty Two Hundred Years



To the Terrace of Haddon Hall.

By CLAIR PRICE

LONDON.

AT a moment when family estates are being broken up or converted into limited companies, when castles are being stripped of their fittings to await buyers, when bishops would sell their palaces if they could, when country mansions are being dumped into the market daily, and the flight from feudalism is emptying the English countryside and filling the towns—at such a moment the young Duke of Rutland is going back to Haddon Hall.

It would hardly be true to say that he is clanking back to the home of his fathers in a rattling panoply of fourteenth century armor, but it would be entirely true to say that Haddon Hall is the finest feudal relic among all the manor houses of England. It is not a castle; it was not built for defense, and most of it is without defenses. Haddon Hall is a great feudal manor house—no more.

That it should be refurnished and reoccupied after 200 years of emptiness would have been interesting but not unusual fifty years ago. Today it is as unusual as if the earth had suddenly reversed the direction of its spin and the calendar had turned back to the days of the Henrys and the early Edwards.

An Unusual Family

The Rutlands, however, are an unusual family. The Dowager Duchess, who looks like the late Sarah Bernhardt and enhances the resemblance by dressing the part, was the most picturesque person in the peerage until Margot Asquith became Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Old colors, old lace, old jewels and Directoire fashions recur to mind at the mention of the Dowager Duchess of Rutland. One of her daughters, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, has no parallel anywhere in the English scene.

Her son, the young Duke himself, resembles his father more than his mother, and it is easier to imagine him in hip boots with fishing tackle than hobnobbing with a 1926 model of the "Souls." It is a little difficult, however, not to think of the Dowager Duchess in connection with her son's plan to return to Haddon Hall. Those who know him say that he planned to do so long before he succeeded to the title last year, and even when he was Marquis of Granby and an undergraduate in the great court of Trinity College at Cambridge his mother was helping him to choose the furniture for Haddon Hall.

If you know your England, you will recall the number of pubs up and down the country that are named after the Marquis of Granby. He was the third Duke's heir and the Commander-in-Chief of British troops in Prussia somewhere around 1750. The young Duke is the ninth Duke and was formerly a lieutenant of territorials.

Haddon Hall can hardly expect to renew the full-chested feudalism of its golden days. Prices make it far beyond the reach of anybody's purse nowadays. The years when Sir George Vernon was the "King of the Peak," lord of thirty manors and master of a retinue of eighty servants; when the boar's head and the huge baron of beef graced the grand banqueting gallery for twelve days at Christmas time and the wassail cup was circulated in the true style of feudal English hospitality, are gone, probably forever.

There is still an iron ring in the screen of the banqueting gallery that was used to fasten up any guest who failed to drink his share of home-brewed ale—the undrunk portion to be poured down the sleeve of his doublet. Other days, other ways. But Haddon Hall, reoccupied by Sir George Vernon's direct descendants, will give a new lease of life to much of its historic past.

Those who know the Dorothy Vernon legend will perhaps be surprised to learn that Haddon Hall itself is not a legend. Haddon Hall really exists, whatever may be said of the tale of Dorothy's elopement with John Manners. It is situated up in the peak district of Derbyshire, about four hours north of London. If you sit on the left hand side of the carriage you can see the tops of its old gray towers from the train.

England's Peak District

The peak district is a sort of English Yellowstone, in the midst of the Midland's factory chimneys; an island of green feudalism amid the murk of industry. Manchester, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Derby and Stoke surround it with a circle of smoke; but the peak itself is a green and virgin jumble of hot springs, stalactitic caverns and old lore. Buxton, with its bath chairs and band concerts, is in the peak district; so is Matlock. Between the two are Haddon Hall and Chatsworth House, the Versailles-like seat of the Dukes of Devonshire. Pubs in the peak district (some of the loveliest country pubs in all of England) are frequently the Rutland Arms or the Devonshire Arms.

Dorothy Vernon was the younger of Sir George Vernon's daughters. Her sister had been married to a son of the Earl of Derby and she herself had been promised to the Earl of Derby for another of his sons. But young Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, fell in love with her and haunted the woods of Haddon, disguised as a forester. During a masked ball given by her father in honor of her sister's marriage she slipped out of the side door of the anteroom adjoining the grand banqueting gallery and eloped with Manners, who carried her off on horseback to his own county of Leicester, where they were married.

When her father died in 1561, her sister received his Staffordshire estates and Dorothy herself got the Derbyshire estates, including Haddon Hall. Thus Haddon passed to the Earl of Rutland's heir, whence it has come down to the Dukes of Rutland. The family name of the Rutlands is still Manners. The young ninth Duke is John Henry Montagu Manners.

Thus the legend. When you approach Haddon today, you see it at first on the slope across the Wye, its old tower partly shrouded in ivy, lifting above the woods with all the appearance of a formidable fortress. You cross an old-fashioned bridge of three arches and at the foot of the slope reach the caretaker's cottage, with two ancient yews in front of it, clipped to resemble a boar's head and a peacock—the crests of the Vernon and Manners families.

Up at the Hall, around at one side, you find the double doorway through which Dorothy Vernon is said to have escaped. It opens on to a terraced garden planted with hollies and yews, at the farther end of which a stairway descends to an avenue lined with ancient limes and cedars. This is still described as Dorothy Vernon's walk. The door and the walk are to this day pointed out as evidence of the truth of the legend; but more conclusive evidence seems to be lacking.

Every tourist in England who ventures out of London sooner or later goes to Haddon Hall. None of the old mansions of England is more popular. But for the time being it is closed. Whether, after the young Duke has completed his repairs in the Summer of 1927, it will be reopened to visitors, remains to be seen. His father kept Belvoir Castle in Lincolnshire, the family's principal seat, open to visitors on three days of the week.

Haddon and Chatsworth

Nothing more vividly illustrates the change in English habits of living than does the juxtaposition of Haddon Hall and Chatsworth House. The oldest bits of Chatsworth go back no further than 1550. The entire building, as it stands today, exhibits a unity of design and a studied regard, for comfort and elegance making it worthy to rank with any of the modern royal palaces of England or of the Continent. Haddon, on the other hand, is a true old baronial mansion, the most nearly perfect example England has of the rugged manor house of feudal days.

Chatsworth is and always has been ready for residence. Haddon, although carefully maintained and occasionally used for some local festivity, has been so long uninhabited that it is difficult to imagine that anything short of a complete overhaul would make it habitable. Its interior today looks almost barbarously plain. The doors and windows are draughty. The ornaments are mostly coats of arms. The house is devoid of what we consider the most elementary comforts.

Haddon's chief glory is its old oak. The floor of the grand gallery, a long, narrow ballroom measuring

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Haddon Hall Was Made Famous by the Romance of Dorothy Vernon.

THE EPIC OF '76: WASHINGTON PUSHES ON

His Summons to the Philadelphia Congress Probably Hastened the Declaration of Independence

The last week of May, 1776, found General Washington in Philadelphia conferring with a committee of Congress. Ostensibly his journey was "to concert a plan of military operations." In reality there is little doubt that he threw his powerful influence into the scale for independence, and that he hastened the Declaration. The war, he told Congress, would be a long and bitter one, and there could be no hope of compromise. John Adams, meanwhile, was pushing on the movement toward liberty—and writing homesick letters to his wife! This is the sixth chapter of a series that will carry the story of '76 to Independence Day.

By R. L. DUFFUS

ON May 21, 1776, there occurred an event that probably had not a little to do with the time and manner of the American Declaration of Independence: General Washington went to Philadelphia.

A journey from New York to Philadelphia in 1776 was at least as much of an adventure as a trip from New York to Omaha would be today. It was somewhat more dangerous and much less comfortable. Even the official messages passing between Congress and the Army Headquarters on Manhattan took the better part of two days.

Washington had hesitated to make the trip for fear that the British, whose movements were entirely unknown, would attack New York during his absence. When Congress expressed a desire to be enlightened upon the military situation he first sent General Gates to speak for him. Two days later, when Gates had already started, he received an urgent request to attend in person, and this he reluctantly obeyed.

The instructions handed to General Israel Putnam, who was left in command on Manhattan, throw much light on the troubled situation in New York at the time. Washington's first care was to complete the work of fortification, which had been going on for many weeks. Long Island, Governors Island, Paulus Hook and the Narrows were vital points, and Washington pointed out that everything must be in readiness for an attack that might come at any moment. He especially emphasized the necessity of a constant watchfulness.

"Nothing," he said, "can be attended with more signal advantage than having timely notice of the enemy's approach, while nothing can add more to the disgrace of an officer than to be surprised. For this reason I have to beg that the same vigilance and precaution may be used as if the enemy were actually within sight, as a brisk wind and a flowing tide will soon produce them when they are once on the coast. The officers and men, therefore, should be constantly at their quarters, the guards alert and everything in readiness for immediate action."

"Washington Had Many Private Meetings With Lee, Adams and Other Radicals."

At the same time he sent Colonel Putnam, the old General's nephew, and a Colonel Knox to look into the defenses along the Hudson, at Fort Montgomery, Constitution Island and elsewhere. No one can read his letters, orders and reports during this period without an admiration for his thoroughness, his close attention to detail, his far-reaching vision.

Another important matter was left to General Putnam's care. Since the middle of May the New York Assembly had been in session, and was now planning a round-up of the Tories, particularly in and near New York City. The situation was a serious one. The Mayor of New York was openly a Tory, though he took care to commit no overt act, and the Loyalists on Staten Island, on Long Island and in Westchester County kept up a constant communication with the Asia, the royal Governor Tyron's man-of-war, which was still in the harbor.

Already, as will be seen in a later article, a conspiracy was being hatched that might have resulted in the capture or death of Washington himself and a mutiny among his troops. Rumors of a projected Loyalist revolt were flying about, and General Putnam was ordered to lend military aid to the Assembly if it seemed to be needed.

"The Washingtons Slept That Night at Perth Amboy."

John Hancock, whose bold signature was soon to decorate America's most famous public document, wrote to Washington offering him his hospitality. His letter brings back a little of the more intimate aspect of that trying time.

A Gracious Invitation

"I request the favor," he began, "that you will please to honor me with your and your lady's company at my house, where I have a bed at your service, and where every endeavor on my part and Mrs. Hancock's will be exerted to make your abode agreeable. I reside in an airy, open part of the city, in Arch Street, corner of Fourth Street. If this should be agreeable to you, it will afford me much pleasure."

As Mrs. Hancock was the beautiful and spirited Dorothy Quincy, whose charms Oliver Wendell Holmes was later to celebrate as "Dorothy Q.," this invitation must have had its attractions. The Hancocks had been married less than a year, and the honeymoon atmosphere still hung about their home. But it does not appear that Washington accepted the invitation. Among Hancock's papers there is a note apologizing for his failure to greet the General upon his arrival in Philadelphia; the bold signer was suffering from an attack of the gout—at 39!

The Washingtons left New York on May 21, and slept that night at Perth Amboy, to which they had perhaps gone by water. Next day they were at Philadelphia, where the purely social amenities of their stay must have been dampened by the fact that Mrs. Washington—"Lady Washington," as she was frequently called—was suffering from the effects of her inoculation for the smallpox.

Among the friends of independence Washington's arrival was looked upon with hopeful approval. "The Generals, Washington, Gates and Mifflin, are all here," John Adams wrote to his wife, "and we shall derive spirit, unanimity and vigor from their presence and advice." General Charles Lee, who had been sent South to inspect the defenses of the Carolinas, wrote to Washington in the same vein: "I am extremely glad, dear General, that you are in Philadelphia, for their councils sometimes lack a little of military electricity."

It seems probable that Washington himself did not conceal his views with regard to independence. Certainly he did not in his private correspondence. To his brother John he wrote: "I am satisfied that no Commissioners ever were designed, except Hessians and other foreigners, and that the idea was only to deceive and throw us off the track."

And he added, with an irony of which he was always capable: "Many members of Congress, in fact the representatives of whole provinces, are still feeding themselves upon the dainty food of reconciliation."

To another correspondent he wrote, the day after his arrival in Philadelphia: "We expect a very bloody Summer at New York and Canada; as it is there, I presume, that the great efforts of the enemy will be aimed, and I am sorry to say that we are not, either in men or arms, prepared for it."

Washington appeared before Congress on May 24. A committee was immediately appointed to confer with him, and, with Generals Gates and Mifflin, "to concert a plan of military operations for the ensuing campaign." On this committee were Richard Henry Lee and John Adams, the two men who had been responsible for the resolutions of May 10 and 15 calling upon the Colonies to form Governments independent of Great Britain. With two such members attending its sessions, the committee was not likely to listen to much talk of compromise, nor did it.

As he showed in the letter quoted above, Washington was thoroughly convinced that the only concessions to be had from King George must be won with the sword and that all thought of conciliation was hopeless. In this, as events proved, he was entirely correct. It was the King's intention to crush the Colonies, not to bargain with them.

Washington pointed out also that the war would be a long one, and that preparations must be made accordingly. The militia he had found to be a broken reed to lean on in time of emergency and he urged that they be supplemented, if not supplanted, by a Continental army enlisted for three years. This was, in fact, the beginning of the Continental Line, which was to fight so many desperate battles, endure so many terrible hardships (as at Valley Forge) and take its place at last, the most rugged and unbeatable soldiery of its generation, in the trenches before Yorktown.

Washington Had His Way

In practically all his recommendations Washington seems to have had his way, not only with the committee, but also with the main body of Congress. It was resolved to pay a $10 bounty for each three-year enlistment, to add 13,800 militia, as an emergency measure, to the troops at New York, and to establish in the Jerseys a "flying camp" of 10,000 militia, to be furnished by Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

Moreover, it was by Washington's advice that a Board of War and Ordnance (ancestor of the present War Department) was planned, to take the place of the haphazard committees that had hitherto been dealing with military matters. This board, set up a few weeks later, had John Adams at its head. Trust John Adams to have a finger in such a pie!

Some of the minor recommendations have a dramatic flavor. One was that the Northern Indians be offered £50 a head (an imposing sum!) for every member of the British garrison at Niagara captured and brought (supposedly alive and unscalped) to the Continental headquarters. To this was added the extra inducement of "the free plunder

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BRITAIN FINDS A HORATIUS IN THOMAS

Spokesman for Labor in Parliament Has Always Tried to Hold Back the Extremists in the Unions

IT is the great moment that reveals the unknown man. A month ago James Henry Thomas was no more than one among many names which are mentioned in the day's news and then forgotten. But in that trial, called the general strike in Britain, fate has now allotted to this skilled worker a part second only to the rôle of Prime Minister, filled by Stanley Baldwin himself. If Baldwin speaks for the Government, Thomas is the mouthpiece of Labor.

Neither man is a genius. Each has a mind sound and sincere but not brilliant. But whereas Baldwin was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, Thomas was taught only in a council school and, at the age of 9 was running errands. His university was the Great Western Railway, where he entered as a cleaner of locomotives, was graduated as fireman and took his doctor's degree as driver. It was the usual apprenticeship and the usual promotion. And the college of actual life turned out the best type of British workman, sober, reliable and obedient to the rules of his employment.

When James Henry Thomas was a lad the Great Western Railway haughtily declined to recognize the existence of a trade union. Any man who joined the union risked his future. Thomas took the risk. He believed in collective bargaining. And he was loyal to his mates. It was no rebellion that he led. As he regarded it, the company was strong and the worker, if unorganized, was weak. By organizing the workers the union maintained a balance of economic power. The union was a static device for securing social equilibrium.

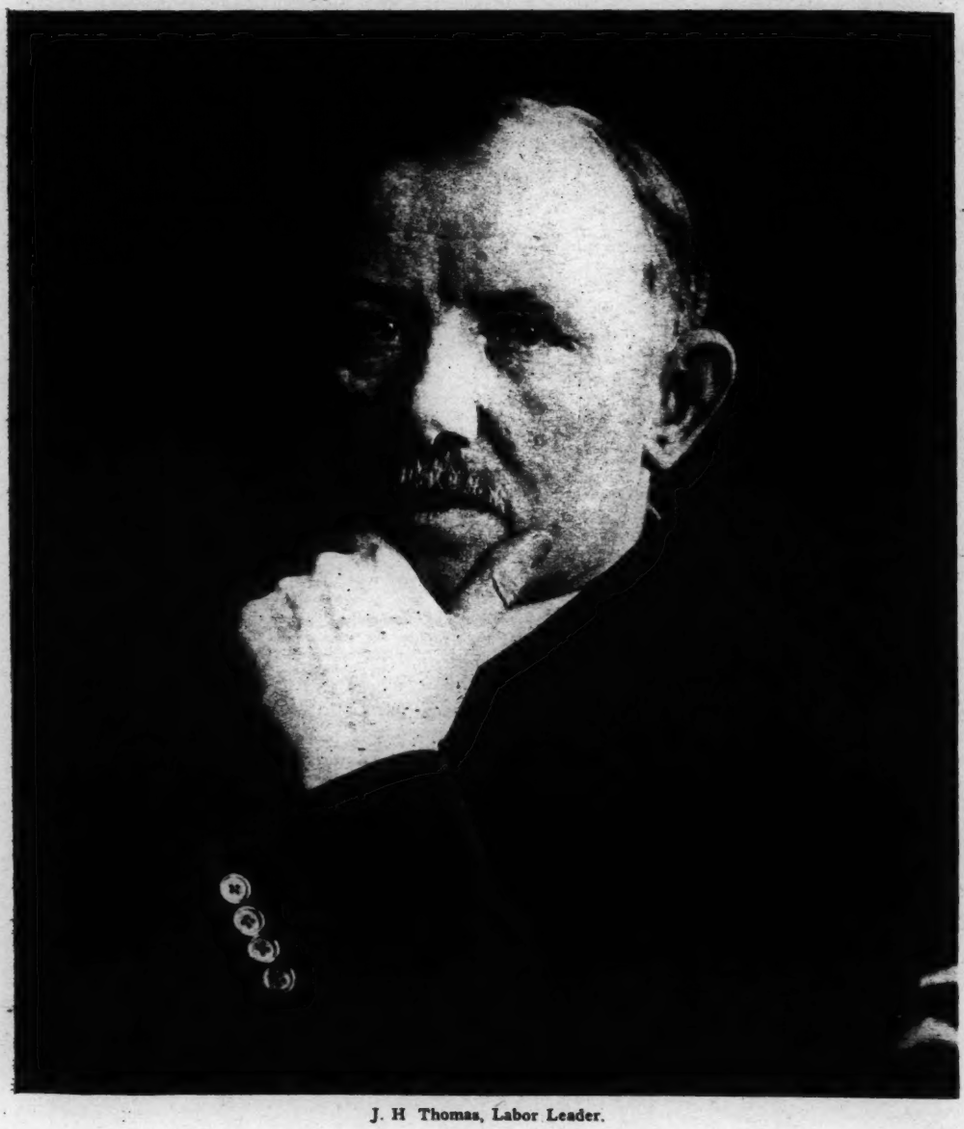
Happily married, Thomas had his home in Swindon. And Swindon was a town that existed for the railway. It was at Swindon that all the trains had to stop. And at Swindon locomotives were built and repaired. Swindon elected Thomas to the Town Council.

For a living he drove his engine. But in his spare time he served as Chairman of a finance committee which held large sums in trust for the public. He served also as Chairman of the Tramways and Electricity Committee, which employed a considerable body of men. In England the municipality has become the nursery of the rising democratic statesman. And as a Town Councilor Thomas learned how to address a responsible assembly, how to listen to the other side, how to pilot a proposal through committee, how—in a word—to deliberate on a public question. Dozens of Labor members, dozens of Liberals have thus prepared themselves for Parliament.

Every one liked Jim. In his veins ran the fine blood of Welsh nonconformity. His character was blameless. His speech was reasonable. And deep was his sympathy with all who, like himself, lived on a weekly wage. One day, the company sent for him and offered him a career. If he would join the management and leave the union, his future would be assured.

In the evening he told his wife. And for the rest of that day he remained undecided. At early dawn he rose as usual, got his own breakfast and, following his usual custom, brought his wife a cup of tea. "Jim," said she, "if you desert the union, I will never speak to you again." And Jim turned down the proposal of the Great Western Railway.

In the proposal there was nothing dishonorable to the company. What the company offered Thomas was no more than a recognition of merit. But in declining the short road to comparative affluence he showed that he was not for sale to the highest bidder. "Every man," said a certain Duke of Newcastle, "has his price." This man was an exception.



J. H Thomas, Labor Leader.
Photo by Times Wide World.

Year by year he rose to influence in his union. But it was not until 1910 that he entered Parliament. And his appearance at Westminster marked an epoch in the fall of Liberalism and the rise of Labor. The General Secretary of the Railwaymen's Union had been Richard Bell, Member for Derby. Thomas succeeded Bell both as Secretary and in the constituency. And whereas Bell received his Parliamentary "whips" from Asquith, the Prime Minister, Thomas had his "whips" from MacDonald and Independent Labor. It meant that the railway vote had switched to a new caucus.

War broke over Europe. And the keen eye of David Lloyd George discerned at once how adroit in negotiation was his brother Celt. Night and day Thomas strove to keep Labor hard at work for King and country. He it was who persistently voiced the discontent of the workers, a tearful tale which at times wearied the House of Commons. Thomas was always the Horatius at the Bridge, holding back the invading hordes of barbarian extremists. And, to him as to George Barnes, the engineer, there was offered a seat in the War Cabinet. It was an alluring offer. And Barnes ended his career in the ranks of Labor by accepting it. With supreme foresight Thomas refused and survived.

It meant that, after the armistice, the pacifists, led by MacDonald and eager for blood, could fasten nothing on him. For his services he had been made a Privy Councilor and henceforth was to be known as the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas. But nobody could accuse him of persecuting conscientious objectors and nobody could suggest that he had applied a military censorship to the Sermon on the Mount. Thomas emerged as the patriot who had helped the country without harming the citizen. He had friends at Court but in the Near-Commune he had no foes.

After the armistice he had to face the full force of industrial discontent on the railways and elsewhere. There was formed the so-called triple alliance betwen the miners, the railway men and the transport workers. Thomas disliked it, and when, in the year 1921, the miners came out on strike it was largely owing to his influence that the railway men held their hand.

There is no doubt that, in the cause of peace, he risked at once his health and his career. He visited the United States and at the pier was greeted with shouts of "Traitor." Gracefully worded placards explained that "Thomas is fleeing from the wrath of his countrymen," adding: "Judas Iscariot hanged himself after the betrayal. Will Thomas do likewise?"

Thomas did not hang himself. It was by another and very different proceeding that he was elevated above his fellow-men. In 1923 the miracle of miracles was accomplished. A Labor Government came into office. And the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, once an errand boy and fireman on a locomotive, became one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, namely, for the Colonies. Not too kindly, the Webbs said that, as a matter of principle, he continued to drop his h's. But he was now unmistakably a successful man. Captains of commerce in the United States had been surprised to find him no mere agitator for Bolshevism, but a visitor who talked to them on equal terms. That shrewd expert on Labor, Lord Asquith, instanced him as one of the Labor officials who was paid an adequate salary. Indeed, in his use of money, he has been thrifty. And today it is said that he has private means.

He enjoyed the dignities of office. The press was careful to describe the dresses worn by his wife at court. There was the "gown of silver brocaded gray marocain trimmed with sprays of arum lilies," with "a gray and silver train lined with tissue to match"; also "a white ostrich feather fan." And there was also "a gown of turquoise blue and gold brocaded ninon lined with gold tissue and trimmed with pearly and gold embroidery." Thomas had passed from Swindon to Dulwich, from the cab of a locomotive to the taxicab of the bourgeoisie. As Colonial Secretary he visited South Africa, and from the "illimitable veldt," as he called it, Joseph Chamberlain himself did not return a more pronounced imperialist. At Wembley he was Exhibit A.

Then there arose men who were ready to treat MacDonald, Henderson and Thomas precisely as MacDonald, Henderson and Thomas had treated Asquith, Grey and Lloyd George. David Kirkwood, from the Clyde, told his friends that he also had been asked by Lady Astor to dine with the King, but had refused. "I didn't do this," said he, "out of any disrespect to the King. But the King is not only the head of the State. He is the pinnacle of the system which some of us are here to smash—the capitalist system. It isn't possible for us to fight against those he represents and at the same time dine and wine with him." Then a certain "Emperor" Cook, the new Secretary of the miners, twitted Thomas on wearing a dinner jacket. And Thomas retorted by advising "Emperor" Cook to take a rest.

In 1921 the Triple Alliance within Labor was defeated. But the idea of a Triple Alliance was developed into an even more comprehensive menace, the general strike. And there were railway men who, spoiling for a fight, wanted to get rid of Jim. In January of this year he managed by five votes to defeat a projected stoppage on the railways. But three months later the dam burst and, like the other moderates, he was carried headlong with the flood. When the negotiations finally broke down, his wife drew him weeping from the Palace of Westminster.

James H. Thomas, is thus one of those Labor leaders who, when the Red Army goes marching as to war, waves the white flag that, at best, only reflects a delicate pink. In eloquent terms, he boldly brandished a torch which, on close examination, proved to be an olive branch, while his Declarations of Independence fluttered like doves of peace.

Ramsay MacDonald, who found himself in a somewhat similar situation, declared that he was living the life of a coral insect, submerged but active. So with Thomas. As a permanent official he had been overruled. But being a permanent official, he lives to be overruled another day.

In due course, the madness of every mad moment is spent. The extremists lose their hold on the impatient masses. Force is found to be no remedy for low wages but only an aggravation of the disease. And as sanity returns the still, small voice of common sense, embodied in a leader like J. H. Thomas, again receives a hearing. He is recalled to his kingdom.

P. W. W.

"The Law Pitches His Tent in the Coal Fields," a Decoration by Mr. Blashfield, in the Luzerne County Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

DEAN OF MURAL PAINTERS IS YOUNG AT 78

Edwin H. Blashfield Will Not Stop Work, Although He Has Retired as President of the National Academy

By FRANCES D. McMULLEN

WHEN the annual meeting of the National Academy of Design adjourns late this month, another figure than that of Edwin Howland Blashfield will occupy the President's chair. The dean of American mural painters, now in his seventy-ninth year, has announced his intention to retire from the leadership of the oldest art body in America, a post he has held for five years.

Mr. Blashfield has reached the point when he finds it necessary to withdraw from the public life of the art world where his interest and his energy have long been claimed. He retires, however, not to rest as most men of his age might do, but to work. He is leaving the committee room and council table that he may devote his remaining years to the studio, extending his record of service to art for the people, already written on the walls of the public buildings of many States.

His Largest Canvas

The name of Edwin H. Blashfield may recall to the lay reader in New York the vast lunette at one end of the grand hall at the College of the City of New York. The graduate in in his student's robes is admonished by Alma Mater at the knees of Wisdom, before a multitude representing ancient universities, the various branches of learning and undergraduate life. This is Mr. Blashfield's largest canvas in the city. His "Carry On," showing Columbia with flag and sword in hand leading the American doughboy in attack, and the screaming American eagle hard behind, attracted the attention of millions when it played a part in the Liberty Loan drives, for which it was executed. It still attracts the attention of thousands at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

He who has danced in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria has done so beneath a Blashfield ceiling. Still other Blashfield decorations were recently rescued from the Vanderbilt house. His brush has told its story from the splendid dome of the Congressional Library in Washington to the State Capitols of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and one finds his work in churches, court houses, banks and public libraries and also in private houses.

In his long span of life the dean of American mural painters has accomplished much, but not enough to suit himself. Of almost any man one might be astonished to hear that at 78 he was taking a fresh hold on his life work, but not of Mr. Blashfield. One of his fellow artists, a man more than a quarter of a century his junior, recently made the remark: "I never feel really old except when in walking down the street I happen to meet Blashfield."

Whoever expects to find him a feeble old man will not recognize the tall, straight figure, perfectly groomed, in his cutaway coat. One who has never seen him awaits him with curiosity in his lofty living room with its leaded bookcases and heavily carved decorations in dark wood overlooking Central Park. He enters with energetic bearing and agile step. His courtly manner suggests the man of another generation, perhaps, but nothing about him intimates eight years excess of his threescore and ten.

His career began fifty-nine years ago when, as a boy of 19 years, he set out for Paris armed with the encouragement of William Morris Hunt and a letter to Gérôme. While attending Boston Latin School he had shown some of his drawings to Mr. Hunt. Their forebears had been gigantic sketches on the floor of the parental attic in New York.

As the young American art student could not at first get into the Ecôle des Beaux Arts, Gérôme sent him to Bonnat, under whom he began work. Aid and advice were forthcoming, too, from Gérôme and Chapu. In the days of his youth, Mr. Blashfield recalls, the American art student in Paris was not a great deal different from the type of today, except in numbers. Then they were only the privileged few.

In those student groups were most of the men who have since made America's name in art. John Singer Sargent was a student on the Rive Gauche at the same time that Blashfield was on the hill of Montmartre, and word of his genius penetrated even as far as the Atelier Bonnat. In later years Sargent and Blashfield became firm friends, often spending their Summers as neighbors in the country districts of England and together mingling with the most distinguished art circles abroad.

During his period of training Mr. Blashfield studied, painted, traveled and exhibited in Europe for some thirteen years; then he returned home to make himself known by a variety of decorative, genre and portrait work. It was in 1883, however, before he found the niche in art to which later criticism properly assigns him. By this time America had begun to appreciate and demand the finest in building decoration. The field was open for men of ideas and energy.

Opportunity beckoned Mr. Blashfield in the form of an interesting but somewhat disconcerting cablegram that reached him in Italy. He was invited to come to Chicago to execute a mural painting for the Columbian Exposition. This was strange ground for him, but he was attracted by the experiment. The next few months found him, with a company of fellow artists, engaged on the dome of the colossal Liberal Arts and Manufacturers' building, while the exposition was evolving on the outskirts of Chicago.

"Ever since then I have not been allowed to do anything but mural painting," he explained. He was content to play the part thus demanded, for in it he saw one of the greatest services of art.

Decorations Most Important

"Public and municipal art is public and municipal education," he once said, "and the decoration of public buildings is the most important question in the construction of our art of the future, just as it always has been in the past of any and every national art from the time of the pyramid builders down."

America did not accept that idea in the '90s; and so Mr. Blashfield had a missionary's as well as a painter's work to do. It was his conviction that mural painting should amount to more than decoration. By no means did he belittle the decorative feature. In fact, he went so far as to say that the decoration, as mere pattern, should look as well upside down. But he felt the need for more than pattern, color and style. The buildings belong to the public, he pointed out, and should therefore speak to the public in terms the man on the street could

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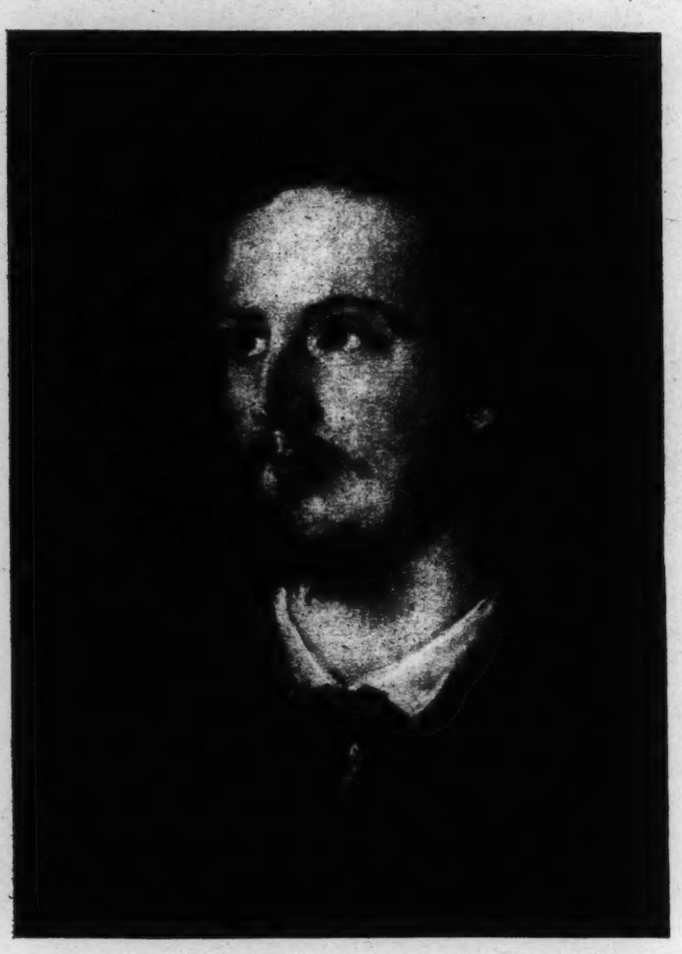
"Carry On," Painted by Mr. Blashfield for One of the Victory Loan Drives.

SWINBURNE KEPT POEMS WITH HIS BILLS

British Collector Tells How He Found Literary Treasures Among Innumerable Parcels of Waste Paper and Rubbish



Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Courtesy of the New York Public Library.

By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA

THE finest Swinburne library in the world is that owned by Thomas J. Wise of London, who has published an elaborate, beautifully printed and illustrated catalogue of it for private circulation. In 1909, after Swinburne's death, Mr. Wise got the opportunity to raise his collection of Swinburneana to the unique position it now occupies. Here is his own description of how he managed to do this:

"Swinburne died on April 10, 1909, leaving his friend and housemate, Theodore Watts-Dunton, his sole heir and the single administrator of his estate. Immediately after the funeral, Watts-Dunton invited me to join with him in the examination of the books and papers that formed a substantial portion of his inheritance, and further to discuss with him what method of dealing with any unpublished documents it would be most convenient to adopt.

"The manuscripts of Swinburne's works, dating from 1879 (when the poet and Watts-Dunton took up joint occupancy of The Pines), had been carefully preserved by this friend, who was quite alive to their substantial pecuniary value. But as to whether, in addition to these, much further material existed, he seemed to be entirely in the dark. It was not until the contents of Swinburne's study had been fully explored that we became aware of the large accumulation of manuscripts, published and unpublished, that remained there, hidden and hitherto unsuspected.

"It appears to have been Swinburne's habit, from his Oxford days, to preserve everything that came from his pen. Ranged around the lower bookshelves and heaped in the corners of the room in which he worked were innumerable parcels. These, upon being opened, were found to contain letters, manuscripts and papers of every conceivable description, bundled together as the poet had found it necessary from time to time to clear his table. The contents of these parcels consisted largely of mere waste paper—circulars, tradesmen's bills, printers' proofs and such-like rubbish. But hidden amid the waste was much that was valuable and important.

"Unpublished poems, prose stories and essays—some written during Swinburne's best and most prolific period—were found in abundance. To decide upon the wisest method of disposing of these was by no means an easy task. To send them over a more or less extended period as contributions to magazines and other periodicals was not feasible, mainly because it would have been utterly impossible for Watts-Dunton, even with the aid of his secretary, to decipher and prepare them for publication.

Beginning of Collection

"The decision ultimately arrived at was that I should purchase them myself and should then, at my leisure, print or publish them in whatever manner I thought fit. This plan was duly carried into execution. I bought the manuscripts, one by one, as they came to light, for a total sum of about £3,000. A number of manuscripts of published pieces were sold by Watts-Dunton to a London dealer, but nothing unpublished failed to become my property.

"It will thus be seen that the collection of my Swinburne library was no result of chance. Its formation was not prompted by the mere instinct of acquisition; it was commenced for a definite purpose and carried to completion with one object distinctly and unceasingly in view."

Mr. Wise was an early admirer of the poet's work. It was as far back as 1880 that, as he notes in the introduction to this magnificent catalogue, "like most young men—and young women in similar case—I no sooner began to read seriously the poetry of Swinburne than I became fascinated with the rush and music of his verse, and felt its impulse and variety.

"At that time Swinburne's earlier and more characteristic work alone was available. The long series of serene and docile poems, commencing with 'A Midsummer Holiday,' and other poems, had yet to appear. The five volumes and four pamphlets that in 1880 represented Swinburne's prose also allured me, and the shelf in my modest book room devoted to 'S' quickly became filled."

Six years, however, went by before Dr. Wise was enabled to meet the object of his hero worship. It came about through the introduction of Miss Mathilde Blind, who took him, on a red-letter Sunday, to Swinburne's house, The Pines, at Putney. The Swinburne of those far-off days is thus described by Mr. Wise:

"Largely as a result of the half mythical, almost legendary tales, Dr. Furnivall loved to relate Swinburne's sayings and doings in the pre-Putney days. I had looked to encounter a small, unkempt, red-haired man, leaping rather than walking across the room, in a state of uncontrolled excitement, and, when conversing, raising his voice to a scream. In place of this curious monstrosity I found a quiet, well-groomed gentleman, slightly below middle height. His hair was gray, with just a ruddy trace in it; his manner of address was unassuming and polite. He received me with pleasant courtesy, and, leading me to a seat, made me feel immediately and entirely at ease."

A Different Swinburne

On Swinburne's invitation Mr. Wise returned the following Sunday to see the poet's collection of plays. On this occasion, he says, "a very different Swinburne from the poet of the previous Sunday met my view. His extensive collection of quarto plays was ranged in rows upon the table. Round this table he walked rapidly, pausing at every few steps to change the order of some book. He was full of excitement, and after the briefest word of welcome dragged me to the further side of the table, where his Chapmans were placed.

"During the whole of the hour or so the interview lasted he was hardly still for two consecutive minutes. For a moment he would pause to place a book in my hand and begin to tell me of its points. Then suddenly he would stop, seize upon another volume, place it upon the one I already grasped and proceed to enlarge upon it. Then, before the story was half told, a third was thrust upon me and a commencement was made by its owner of a relation of its beauty. And so we went on until my lap was full."

Such was the beginning of an association with Swinburne and Theodore Watts-Dunton, Swinburne's greatest friend, that has enabled Mr. Wise to collect his Swinburne library, rescuing from oblivion many ephemeral works that "in the course of twenty-three rapid and feverish years had been dropped by Swinburne and were rapidly sinking beneath the accumulating dust—and unless promptly rescued soon to be forgotten waifs, but now highly valued treasures."

Mr. Wise's collection includes not only everything by Swinburne that is available in his published works and much that has been written about him and them, but also invaluable manuscripts in the poet's own handwriting, with innumerable corrections. How enormously Swinburne corrected is shown by the reproduction of a characteristic page of his manuscript.

The catalogue also contains poems that, for one reason or another, it has hitherto been thought inadvisable to add to the published works of the master who gave a new material impulse to the language and added an important rhythm to its felicity of expression.

To Mr. Wise's great kindness, as well as to that of Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., the publishers of "The Bonchurch Edition of the Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne," in twenty-five volumes, now being issued from the press, I am indebted for the privilege of printing a few examples of these hitherto unpublished poems that are interesting as throwing a side-light on certain facets of Swinburne's thought and his mental and emotional point of view—although they add nothing to the estimate time has formed of him as a contributor to the wealth of English as a language or to his individual power as an artist.

From many aspects, and particularly from that of the most intimate relation of his life, the poem inscribed "To 'Boo'" is one of the most interesting in the volume. It consists of three stanzas of eight lines each, and its peculiar value is found in the fact that the inspirer of the poem was Jane Faulkner, the niece and adopted daughter of Sir John Simon, K. C. B., and the object of Swinburne's one romance, as Mr. Wise reminds us in his note on the subject.

Beautiful Stanzas

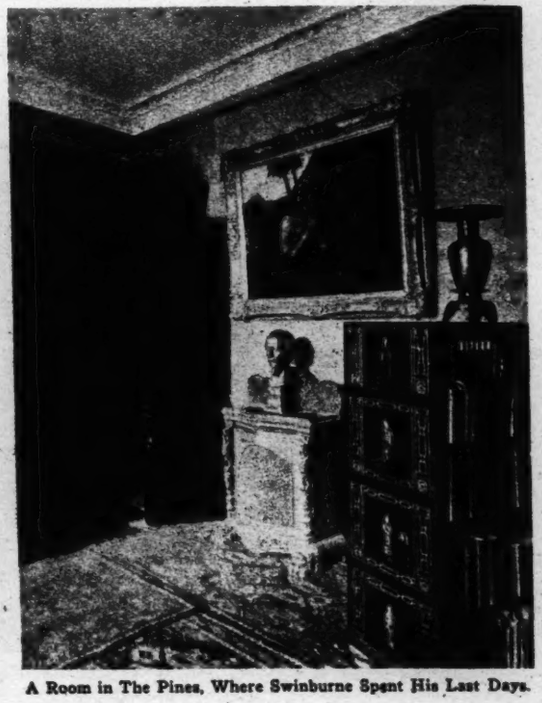
The poem was written in 1862, when Swinburne was 25 years of age. By reason of the limitations imposed by the copyright law, it is impossible to print it in full; Messrs. Heinemann, however, generously permit the use of two stanzas. Of these three stanzas the last two are the most beautiful; but for their complete understanding it is necessary to add that the first stanza begins with a reference to sickles busy reaping the wheat. The remainder of the poem runs thus:

You should love me a little, my own love,
One love for a week and a day,
For either has hardly begun love,
For the sake of a sickle-sweep, say.
Suppose we should settle to try love,
It may be as sweet as its fame;
Set your love again beside my love,
They may be so nearly the same.

Yours should keep something of maiden,
Something reluctant and sad;
The kisses come heavily laden,
Laden with fear that grows glad.
Here where the shade has a sky face,
Here where the sickles are still;
Let your face lie nearer to my face—
All without noise, if you will.

Eminently characteristic is the last stanza of "The Two Roses," the manuscript of which was found inserted at the commencement of a

(Continued on Page 18)



A Room in The Pines, Where Swinburne Spent His Last Days.

MACKEREL CHASE IS NOW IN FULL CRY

Great Fleet of Yankee Schooners Is Joined by the Ravenous Thresher Shark, the Sword and Dogfish

By ALFRED ELDEN

OFF the Southern New England shores anywhere from five to fifty miles a great fleet of fishing vessels is cruising. Widely dissimilar in type, erratic in their movements, following what seem like willy-nilly courses, they are nevertheless working along definite lines and with unity of purpose. They are the craft of the mackerel catchers, whose chief objective is to secure full fares and rush them to market fresh when prices are up.

These many boats remind one of a predacious pack of marine hounds, while the main body of mackerel is the fleeing ocean hare, all participating in a cross-water chase that begins in the South, ends in the North and lasts from early Spring until late Fall. This year's hunt is still too young to determine whether 1926 will be a poor mackerel year or one of abundance. Results are always a gamble.

The Mysterious Mackerel

For a century and a quarter fishermen and scientists have been speculating on the vagaries of the mackerel, that most elusive, mysterious and least understood of any of our prized food fishes. This is known: Mackerel appear off the Chesapeake Bay-Cape Hatteras region anywhere from March 20 to April 20 and proceed by slow-moving stages up the North Atlantic Coast until eventually they are abundant even in far-distant Nova Scotian waters.

Then along in October the vast schools of fish disappear as if in obedience to the wave of a magician's wand. They have evidently arrived at some unknown, obscure, deep-sea jumping-off place and have —well, jumped. Whence they come and whither they go have been unsolved problems. An old Gloucesterman commented: "I've been following mackerel for fifty years and have been a close observer of their movements and habits, but except for certain traits which every mackerel fisherman knows I can't tell you a thing about them."

Even more noncommittal was the late Captain Sol Jacobs of Gloucester, most famous of the old-time killers, when he once remarked: "Mackerel have fins and tails, so they can come and go as they please. That's all I know about 'em."

Two distinct types of vessels make up the present fleet of mackerel catchers—the purse-seiners and the gill-netters. Among the former are trim schooners, bows cut saucily under, yacht style, lofty of mast, canvased as lavishly as a cup defender. Trailing astern are the long white seine boats piled high with freshly tarred nets, their dark bulk dotted with the brown cork floats that hold them up in the water.

These schooners are not many—roughly speaking perhaps twenty-five. But they are the real reminders—reminders if you will—of the old-time mackerel fleet of fifty and more years ago. Most of them sail from Gloucester, Provincetown or Boston. As a rule they are commanded and at least partly manned by veterans of the mackerel fishery. Like their fathers, these men fit out for mackerel in the Spring and stay with the fish until Fall. It was a seiner this year that brought the first mackerel into Cold Springs Inlet, New Jersey, April 12.

These men seem to have inherited from those sturdy fisherfolk who came before them the belief that the only proper way to catch mackerel is to seine them. Their schooners carry crews of from sixteen to twenty-two experienced fishermen. The purse-seine is handled from one seine boat, a strikingly stanch craft about fifty feet long. Today many of them have motors both for propulsion and for operating lifting machinery.

Sometimes the captain will take the helm of the seine boat, but not always. Three men do the actual work of setting, or "throwing seine" as the fishermen call it. Technically, one is the bight passer, another the middle seine heaver and the last the cork heaver. The other men in the seine boat do the rowing.

Getting the seine around a school of fish and pursing it is always exciting work. This calls for skill, judgment and no little physical prowess. It is not until the water shades dark and the innumerable air bubbles make myriads of little rings on the surface that the men hauling on the purse ropes are sure they have ensnared their quarry.

Setting the Seine Around a School of Mackerel.

Now the schooner comes up and the seine is made fast to it; always on the starboard side. By clever manipulation the fishermen gradually work the bulk of their haul into the "bunt" of the seine. This is a pocket or reinforced part stoutly meshed to hold the immense weight of the closely packed mackerel. From it they are dipped on to the vessel's deck and then sent along to the hold for icing.

When Catches Are Large

The first of the season while the weather is cool it is the custom to "run them fresh" into the nearest port, where they can be shipped immediately by rail to the distributing points. Later when Summer temperatures prevail and the fine big fish are further offshore, long trips are more in order to get full fares, and if catches are large and markets not easily available, then the mackerel are cured, or split and salted. In such cases until the workers are ready to handle them they are kept alive in net pockets put over the side into the water.

With the coming of June the seiners are generally found fishing near South Shoal Lightship, Block Island, and thence on to The Cultivator, a shoal on Georges Bank. After the fish get by Block Island the catchers sell either at Boston or Gloucester. In these waters, perhaps fifty miles from shore, the seiners are likely to fish well through the Summer. It is work bound to test a man's mettle, for if the fish are plentiful there is little time for rest.

A six-knot tide on The Cultivator is something to struggle against in setting and pursing a seine. Then there are tedious hours that must be spent in mending the net, clearing it and coiling or laying for the next set. About the only chance for a "doss down"—fisherman vernacular for sleep—comes on the trips to market and back again to the banks.

Mixed in with the rest of the fleet there are a few steam and gasoline-motored seiners, but as a rule most of these turn their attention to some other phase of the fishing industry early in June. Perhaps some of the larger craft may join the schooners and see the chase through until it ends in the Fall off the Nova Scotia shores.

The gill-netters predominate. Although their methods were unknown to the early fleet of mackerel catchers, today they undoubtedly constitute the most picturesque unit of the chase. Their numbers also include trim schooners, probably twice as many as the seiners, only no seine-boats trail astern. Instead are the tiers of dories nested on deck, bank-trawler style. And trawlers these craft are during Fall and Winter. They and a lot of miscellaneous power gill-netters fifty to eighty feet long go out from Portland, Boston, New York, Noank, Block Island, Newport, New London and other ports. But they stay with the mackerel fleet only until around June 10, when they return to their home ports and equip for the swordfishing season, which begins the middle of that month and continues through September.

Like a Huge Tennis Net

Literally fly-by-nights are the gill-netters. They make their sets at dusk, catch their fish while darkness enshrouds the sea and retrieve their prizes in the dawn's early light. No more comprehensive, non-technical description of a gill-net can be given than to liken it to a huge tennis net. Cod and haddock gill-netters set on the ocean's bed. Mackerel gill-netters set just beneath the surface. Their nets are 180 feet long and 18 deep. Cork floats hold them up, leaden weights at the bottom keep them vertical.

One end is made fast to the vessel's stern and then as many as fifty to one hundred and fifty are fastened together and trailed astern in one long string—not infrequently a full half-mile or more of nets. About every tenth net a wooden framework is floated and lashed which supports a lighted lantern. At the end of the line of nets the floating frame holds two lanterns. These lights serve a double purpose. Undoubtedly they attract fish by their dull glow and they mark the position of the nets so other craft may keep clear.

When the nets are all set, and if the sea is calm, the vessel with its motor just turning over will "jog" or slowly move here and there through the night hours with its long tow of nets. If there is a breeze the natural drift may be sufficient to keep the line out straight in the wake of the mother craft. The mackerel, swimming in immense

(Continued on Page 19)

Hauling in a Gill-Net.

A Deckload of Mackerel Ready for the Ice-Pans.

Photos Courtesy the Gloucester Chamber of Commerce.

MONTE CARLO HAS A COMIC OPERA REVOLT

Gambling Concessionaire, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and Prince Louis, Are Chief Actors in Gilbert and Sullivan Plot

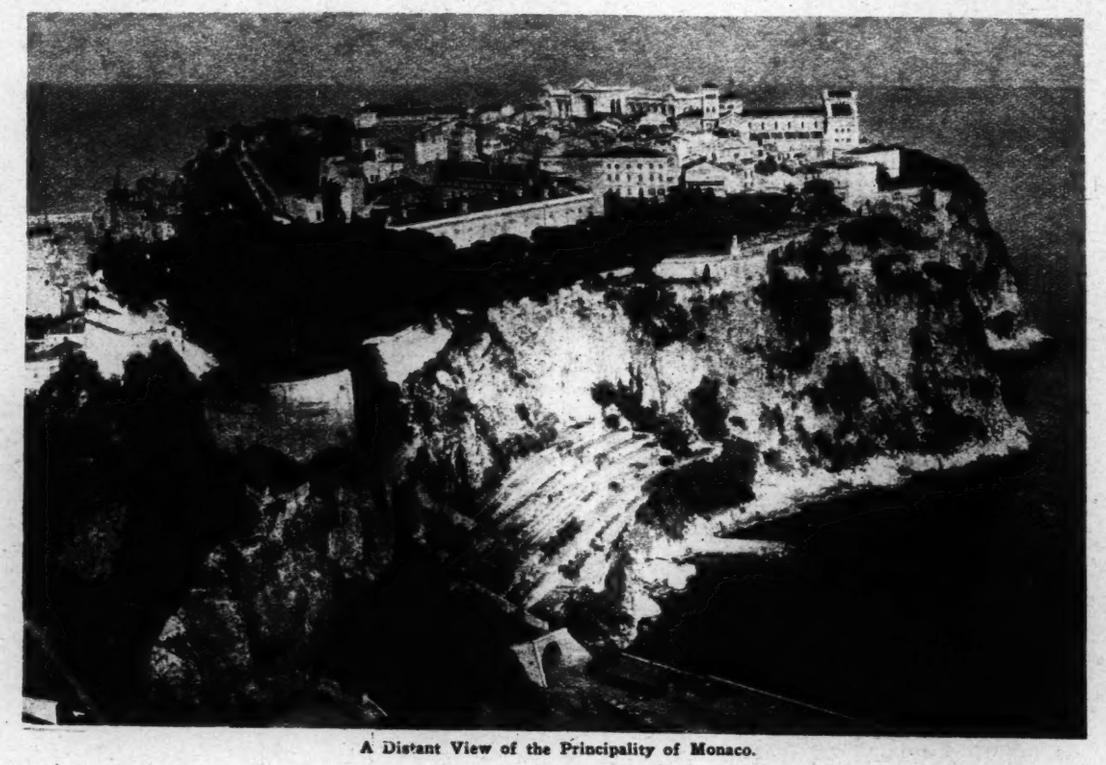
By FERDINAND TUOHY

MONTE CARLO.

INCIPIENT revolution—of more than comic opera proportions—is brewing in this most romantically propagandized community, Monte Carlo. The elements that have gone into the brewing range from the fall of the French franc to aliases, and from loud talk of Fascismo to threats against foreign dictators. The figures appearing from the murk of controversy include Europe's wealthiest and most mysterious man, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and at least one live princeling, together with a journalist and a director of opera as well as the former and the present heads of the famous Casino, with a veritable light opera chorus of trades people, patriots, &c. Thus far there are, strangely enough, neither women nor foreign spies in the cast of characters. And the event which acted as a lighted match to set the witches' brew boiling was the accidental running down of a peasant child by a high-powered motor car.

The story, however, in true post-war style, goes back to the year the world changed—1914. In that year the Casino takings amounted to 45,000,000 good gold francs—$9,000,000. And the people of Monaco, more particularly the citizens of Monte Carlo, were very happy, profiting directly or indirectly by the prosperity of the year.

But on Aug. 4, 1914, a new world met the eyes of tourists and inhabitants alike. War had begun.



A Distant View of the Principality of Monaco.

The Principality of Monaco is a French protectorate, adhering to French laws and customs, its independence being guaranteed by Article 47 of the Treaty of Versailles. Its present monarch, Prince Louis II, was a French regular officer until he succeeded three years ago. He rules over a puppet Government, the real "bosses" being those in charge of the Casino or gambling concession. This concession was granted to Edmond Blanc about 1866.

Natives Lived Tax Free

Blanc settled an income on the reigning Prince—Albert I—which, in the case of the present ruler, is said to approximate $87,000 annually, reckoning the franc at thirty to the dollar. With the concession went entire governmental and municipal mastery of the principality. Complete control was to be vested in the Casino, and for upward of a half century, under a dual Blanc-cum-Prince Albert régime (Edmond being succeeded by his son Camille in 1896), everything went swimmingly.

Albert got the wherewithal to fetch up new and astounding monsters from the deep and to aid Saint-Säens, Berlioz and Massenet. The Blancs, bringing prosperity and renown to a piece of rock which enjoyed rather more than the average amount of sunshine locally, were universally acceptable because of their largesse and easygoing methods, most of the population coming eventually to bask, in some form or another, in the reflected profits of the Casino.

The good Monégasques, as the natives are called, paid no taxes whatever; they were accorded all manner of privileges, such as free seats at the theatre and free medical attendance; and, on account of the absence of all custom duties, living in the principality was just one sustained farce of cheapness. If rouge won sometimes, and noir won sometimes, and Blanc won always, so also did the good Monégasques, who naturally in course of years grew indolent and parasitical.

In the next five years after 1914 Monte Carlo, above all other places under the sun, suffered eclipse, total, devastating, even dishonorable. The Allies, chiefly the French under that arch-patriot Léon Daudet, flew at Monte Carlo as a hotbed of espionage and scarce a terrace or a strip of promenade but was not suspected lest it conceal an asphalt gun emplacement. This despite the absence of a host of Monégasque volunteers at the front.

All this, plus the absence of almost all gamblers save elderly women with "systems," led to a distinct slump in Casino shares; in fact, it was only by drawing freely on reserves, and by accepting financial aid from the mysterious Sir Basil Zaharoff, that Camille Blanc was able to continue his largesse to the local population. Still, it was said, this would be just a passing phase. Did not history show that the world invariably went mad after the cessation of every big war? And where else should people with money flock to, to go mad, than to her who had queened it over them all before—Monte Carlo?

So argued the Casino. But in early 1919 the franc, coinage of the fables, began to fall, for which eventuality no one had allowed. At the start of the following season, 1920, the franc was worth a third of its standard value, upon which everything in the Principality was based. For other reasons, also, shares continued to slump. No one east of the Rhine and Italy had any money to gamble with. Missing were Teuton and Slav, who had been most reckless of all round the green baize of old, while, no less serious, an impressive opposition resort was developing over at Cannes.

In 1921-22 things went from bad to worse. Unable to shake himself free of his life-long policy of a minimum of business methods and economizing at Monte Carlo, Camille Blanc was retired in 1923, hard upon another event of some consequence, the death of old Prince Albert and the succession of his stalwart soldier son, Louis, a Frenchman of the French, fresh from assisting to slice Upper Silesia from the Reich.

Revolt Against Zaharoff

Whether by coincidence or no, Zaharoff re-entered on the scene not long after to acquire a matter of 2,300 shares in the Casino, which were then going at the mere bagatelle of $250 each apiece. There are altogether 76,000 shares in the Casino Company, representing a capital of just over $25,000,000. Going by the books, Prince Radziwill, with 13,000 shares, has the largest individual holding—he has just drawn $360,000 in dividends for the year and is supposed to be the Rothschild representative—but no one for a moment believes, at Monte Carlo, that Zaharoff's interest in the Casino is restricted to the $60,000 he has drawn from the same source. At all events, the present revolt of a section, and an apparently not unimportant section of the Principality, is against Zaharoff domination as exercised through "men of straw" alleged to represent him on the all-puissant Casino Board.

The past is best linked with the present teapot tempest by explaining the principals in this opera bouffé

To begin with, there is Prince Louis. He is now 55, half English through his mother, Lady Hamilton, and is unmarried, though enemies insist he is morganatically so as the result of a long-standing North African romance. His adopted daughter, the hereditary Princess, enemies insist, is his own child. He is credited with desiring to have more of a part in the running of his realm and with wishing to revive Monte Carlo's former splendor.

Crown Prince Louis of Monaco.

Then there is M. Camille Blanc, late head of the Casino, whose praises are sung as a man who understood his job, and who understood the strange vegetation under his control and ruled as a man of the world, and not as a business martinet. If backsheesh and bribery thrived, and 300,000,000 francs worth of "dud" checks are reported to have been found in Camille's safe on his retirement, every one was happy at "Monte" under his régime, the natives no less than the shareholders.

One of M. Blanc's stoutest adherents is M. Sylvio Fabi, a sinuous, undulating young man who lets you know in the first two minutes of conversation that he was wounded in the war, and who appears to edit his paper, Tout Va, in close cooperation with the Unknown Soldier. To this pure, if blatant, patriotism, savoring strongly of the Fascisti's black shirt attitude, he adds complete subservience and humility before Prince Louis, which rather involves things. Fabi, a native of Monaco, has constituted himself Preserver of Monégasque Privileges and Sir Galahad of the Rock, out to dissolve the present Casino Board and to substitute something more in the old Camille Blanc vein.

He is sometimes difficult to follow in his more intense (and synthetic) moments when he is inclined to drag in Lloyd George, Hotchkiss, Sassoon, Vickers, Abd-el-Krim, Poincaré, Rasputin and the aforementioned Unknown Soldier without first having cleared away sufficient avenue for them in his preceding prose.

Supporters of the existing order are quite sure that Fabi draws much of the hall-marked information in his paper from M. Raoul Gunzbourg, for thirty-three years director of the famous local opera and who, many aver, is out to blow up Monte Carlo in the concluding years of his directorate as a way of getting even with the Prince and with Léon and the whole collection who have long wanted to get rid of him.

The man under indirect fire in this campaign against the existing order is Sir Basil Zaharoff, he of every allied honor and of every libel and rumor branding him as an ogre who arms nation against nation to the greater bulging of his own pocket. So much has been written about this gout-tortured, recently widowed septuagenarian that is not true that it is useless to add to the record. The home rulers in Monte Carlo insist that Sir Basil is the guiding, offstage spirit of that "international association of evildoers," the Casino, which is squeezing the life out of them. And they furthermore assert that the Zaharoff group is exporting all its gambling gains to foreign countries.

Ran Over a Child

The last of the principals is M. René Léon, alleged by the home rulers to be in reality one Van den Push, who is said to have been Zaharoff's handy man on 'Change. Only 30, Léon is Lord High Everything at Monte Carlo today and appears to be something of a martinet, his enemies being legion in consequence.

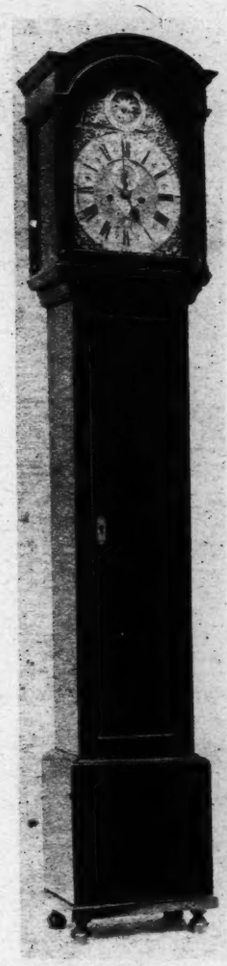
One morning in early June, 1925, M. Léon, while motoring in the Jura, had the misfortune to run down a small girl playing in the roadway. Had M. Léon pulled up, all would have been well. Although the child was injured, her family would have been recompensed by an insurance company and there would have been an end of the matter. Unfortunately, Léon drove on—to be stopped by telephone at the next village. In court he insisted that he had merely driven on to fetch a doctor.

M. Léon was sentenced to fifteen days in jail, which sentence was confirmed at Besançon on appeal. Now

(Continued on Page 20)

OLD DECORATIVE IDEAS RETURN

Painted Screens Find a Place in Modern Homes—Venerable Clocks



An Early American Grandfather Clock Made by Samuel Bagnall of Boston.

Photo Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

THE screen, as an item of interior decoration, is at present enjoying almost a renaissance. Of screens there are many varieties. Painted leather ones, although still in the traditional form and with traditional decoration, fit into our twentieth-century rooms as well as they once did in the medieval Spanish mansions of Cordova, their original home. The painted leather screen is a potential heirloom. When well made, its durability is proverbial. It is lighter and stronger than most screens.

Besides being a great aid in any decorative scheme, the screen has become in modern city apartments (even in the more ample space of suburban homes) an indispensable help in making one room do the work of two, or in obtaining privacy within a small area. Oddly, a screen seems as much needed in a large room as in a small one.

Cowhide is the usual material for the painted leather screen of today. The leather, in addition to the usual tanning, is especially prepared to withstand our sudden climatic changes. In many of the styles the brassheaded nails along the edges are in themselves quaintly ornamental and strongly suggestive of the screen's Spanish origin.

The varied shapes and sizes, together with the character of the decoration, allow these modern descendants of an old form to fit into any scheme of room decoration. No period of modern times in furniture has lacked the ornate beauty of the screen. Perhaps your room demands the Italian or Spanish style of screen, ornamented with elaborate scroll and leaf forms of the Renaissance. Or possibly the panel decorations in the eighteenth century French manner will prove more appropriate. For English and American rooms of the same century something more staid may be requisite.

More modern motifs may also be found. Recently scenic decoration has come into fashion, and one sees the red and gray palaces of Venice reflected in the Grand Canal, or an English hunt with horses and hounds in full cry. Pastoral scenes, where in front of straw-thatched cottages the life of the farm goes on its peaceful way, add a bit of pictorial decoration to the room when interpreted in soft colors.

Sometimes the screen is covered with many small scenes depicting a variety of subjects—children playing, lovers walking in rustic settings, barnyard fowls, milkmaids. Then, too, Oriental screens in vermilion or dull green with appropriate decorations may be found.

Many are the uses of screens in the modern house. Often a screen is just the thing to fill up or hide an ugly corner or to conceal an obtrusive radiator, radio set or the door to the butler's pantry. In a smaller apartment, the kitchenette may be hidden. A corner of the living room may be made at night into a bed chamber. Then there is always the ornamental touch that tall panels give when used as background for some bit of fine furniture as an accent at the end of a room.

Modern ways of life have brought the screen down to miniature size. It may even be used to hide the ubiquitous telephone. In somewhat larger form it makes in summertime the fireplace opening.

The Craftsman Revealed

A good deal of talent is displayed in the decorating of these useful room accessories. Most of the artists' names are unknown to the buyer of a screen, as the identity of the designer is hidden under a firm name; but many examples show a true instinct for craftsmanship as well as a sense of decorative art.

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OLD clocks are having their day. No longer are they merely the subject of search by some collector whose quaint hobby of gathering clocks of other days we smile upon. Today many persons are buying at least one early timepiece with which to round out an ensemble of old mahogany, walnut, pine or maple furniture.

One of the earliest American achievements in the first years of the nineteenth century was the invention or development of two forms of clocks unknown in the Old World. These were the banjo clock or timepiece, as its inventor, Simon Willard, always insisted, with great dignity, upon calling it, and the shelf clock, or "pillar scroll-top case clock" of Eli Terry.

Early clockmaking in this country falls naturally into two periods. The Colonial might be said to have lasted up until the beginning of the nineteenth century. This coincides with the ending of the tall clock period. Then for sixty years or up to the Civil War, was the heyday of the Connecticut clockmakers. This was the period of the banjo clock of Simon Willard, the one-day wooden works shelf clock that Terry's Yankee ingenuity developed, and the one-day brass clock invented by Chauncey Jerome. Those sixty years saw a real battle of the clocks.

Part of Terry's success was due really to his introduction of "quantity production." But a more showy design, the "bronze looking-glass clock, devised by Chauncey Jerome, swept Terry's clock aside. But old clocks now available are not confined to examples of the work of these craftsmen. Clockmakers were plentiful in the early days. Hundreds had their little shops under the swinging sign of the dial. In addition, there were either imported or brought over by incoming settlers clocks of many nations. Dutch, Flemish, French, English and Swiss timepieces may be found today with an American pedigree.

Of course, if you are a collector of clocks, you may not care whether the old clock you buy marks time or not. But those who have not so much reverence may tinker with the grandfather clock or the shelf clock that fits so well with their mahogany furniture and set it going again. Many of these old clocks in fact are constructed so well that they keep excellent time, even when their works are made of wood.

Old clocks, such as the banjo and scroll case clock, are being reproduced today for those who want the old forms, with the latest of clock works inside. But the charm of the decorations on the glass doors of a Willard or Terry clock cannot be reproduced. Nor can the quaint and beautiful air of a grandfather's clock that may have been made by David Rittenhouse, the clock-making astronomer of Philadelphia, over a century and a half ago.

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THE newly installed mosaic decorations in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi on Thirty-first Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, are significant. Great possibilities are suggested by this ancient method of mural decoration.

St. Francis and His Angels

Mosaics, besides achieving a gradually widening use in the ornamentation of secular as well as of ecclesiastical structures, have for some time been urged as an especially logical form of decoration for our modern concrete walls. The technique of sculpture appropriate for stone results, when transferred to concrete, in an imitation of another medium. Painted decorations on concrete surfaces have not the durability that modern construction demands, nor do they seem appropriate. Perhaps colored cement, still in the process of development, may eventually win out. But mosaics, besides being a tested and highly developed form of decoration, are as durable as the concrete; and because the tiny "stones" that make up the pattern are set in a cement base, the decoration becomes, when finished, an integral part of the wall itself.

The mosaic designs on the façade of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi illustrate the decorative and architectural effect of this medium when used on the exterior of a building. Against the yellow brick of the edifice the principal design above the doorway, depicting St. Francis in glory surrounded by angels, is a handsome and striking bit of exterior decoration, appearing also a natural part of the building.

In addition to the mosaics on the outside there are in the interior of the church four shrines, whose walls and ceilings bear elaborate designs in the same medium. The most important piece of mosaic work, however, adorns the dome and walls of the main sanctuary. This shows, high in the dome, a figure of the Blessed Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms and the adoring figures of St. Francis and St. Clara on either side, all done to an ample scale. A circle of angels frames this group, leading the eye down to a remarkable company below.

In the centre of this lower part is represented, in medieval style, the chapel of Portiuncula, where St. Francis lived and died. On either side are figures noteworthy in the history of St. Francis or of the order he founded. There is Pope Sixtus in his pontifical robes and, next to him, naïvely playing on his beloved violin, with one of the Indians of Peru, among whom he labored, is St. Francis Solanus. Further along is Junipero Serra, the leader in the building of the California missions, bearing a replica of a mission building. At the extreme right, and not shown in the illustration, are the figures of Dante and Columbus, both of whom were Franciscans of the Third Order.

St. Elizabeth leads the group to the left of the centre. She is pictured kneeling with her bread that is just being changed into roses, according to picturesque legend. The regal figure of St. Louis of France stands behind her, with many other men and women notable in the Franciscan Order.

The four chapels in the church are equally interesting and present, with the main sanctuary, a wealth of mosaic approached by few other edifices, secular or ecclesiastical, in the country. The mosaics took three years to design in the Innsbruck studio and the installation in this country was the work of over a year.

The mosaics have been done in the traditional method of using bits of colored glass frankly as such. While a realistic effect is achieved in the design, there is no attempt to imitate a painting. Detail has been subordinated to broad effects and poster contrasts of hues achieved rather than to subtle gradations of color.

Painted Leather Screen With Venetian Scene. An "Antique" Finish Fits It for the Company of Old-Time Furniture.

(Continued on Page 17)

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHILDREN SHOWN

Brooklyn Museum Exhibition Displays Work of Quality From Many Lands—German Collection Has Homely Charm of Its Own, and Russian Books Possess Widest Variety in Style

Illustration by Rudolf Mates for "The Cock and the Hen," a Czech Folk-Tale.

ILLUSTRATION for children's books is the severest test possible of an illustrator's quality. In the attractive and extensive exhibition of this art now at the Brooklyn Museum the little pictures separate themselves into three major classes; the most important that in which the decorative beauty of the page and the character of the design support the free-flowing invention by which the artist establishes his relation to the mind of a child; the second in importance that in which the illustration calls strongly to the child's mind without marked distinction of design; the third the class of self-conscious appeal to a misunderstood and alien conception of the spirit of childhood.

German Pictures Charm

The books illustrated come from different countries. Germany is perhaps the most fully represented, and the homely charm of the typical "Märchen," whether dealing with Kobold and Elf or merely with the everyday life of little German children, indoors and out, arises spontaneously from picture as from text. The old Teutonic stamp is not obliterated from these innocent and friendly scenes and Kindersang, Heimatklang lose nothing of their ancient magic. The silhouette pictures especially show the childlike directness with which the "picture-in-black" has been conceived by German artists from the earliest to the latest period of this engaging and by no means insignificant art. In most other countries its revival is marked by a more or less subtle sophistication, but the silhouette in Germany is quite as simple and frank today as at any earlier time. Kaethe Wolff's illustrations to "Das Schwesterchen" have sentiment, last infirmity of noble minds. Any one who chooses may analyze the perfectly simple charm of the little silhouette in which a child hangs over a fence under the leafy branches of Summer trees, watching other children dance in a ring in the field beyond. The child's back is toward you and the drooping figure tells you all you need to know. A conventional agreeable composition is achieved with the framework of the design, but in this, as in other examples of the artist's work, the noteworthy characteristic is the unconscious fusion of the artist's point of view with that of the child.

Hans Pellar's eighteenth century types of courtiers, their obsequiousness lightly stressed, their elaborate garments woven into an almost gray fabric of many colors; A. von Fremhold's modern Easter Book of buoyant humor; an amusing Sun Queen with crown and sceptre, by Helene Gridfin Harroch-Arco, a shade too mocking for serious childhood; cut paper designs of skillful naïveté, by Lily Hildebrandt; Gertrude Caspari's unaffected and natural drawings for the "one-year-olds"; the conventionalized groups and architectural alphabets, by Hermann Rombach; Ernst Kreidoff's agile caterpillars and inchworms in circus formation; Paul Muller's silhouettes in the classic spirit of Paul Konewka; Richard Teschner's clever spotting; Else Wenz-Vietor's irresistible pictures of the wedding in the wood, one of those diminutive books that seem to gain in imaginative charm in reverse proportion to their size; these will suffice to indicate the range of the German group, the special characteristic of which is the persistent childishness undaunted by the advance of the sophisticated century.

The Russian Section

The Russian section includes the widest variations in style and mental attitude. A marked feature in much of the work is the strict collaboration with which text and picture play their parts, fine spacing and a conspicuous treatment of the page as belonging decoratively to its adjacent page across the fold of the book making a definite impression. I. A. Bilibin is one of the most fortunate in gaining this unity of effect.

In a number of instances historic ornament of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is worked into the decorative plan, with costumes also of these centuries specific in detail, and with the story-telling element holding its place with only slight interference from the insistent decorative intention. "War Among the Mushrooms," illustrated by Narbut; S. A. Logkin's illustrations for "Russian Nursery Songs," Peter Afanassieff's "Little Old Mother and Her Son Lavarushka" are among the notable examples in this kind, and through them all runs an unbroken thread of sincerity, a fundamental belief in the truth of the dream that speaks directly to the essential gravity of the normal child's mind.

Ornate, full-colored, deep-toned, speaking of ancient ceremony and ritual, these illustrations form a significant contrast to the loose-knit texture of Grigeriov's ready syntheses, bringing to a modern stage the ironic temper of the modern world. In the latter the drawing of animals and reptiles is superb, and the easy assembling of parts in the composition of a room or outdoor scene, making for coherence without rigidity, expresses a mastery which the casualness of the method tries in vain to deny.

Other Russian designs are in the mood of Chauve Souris, with the familiar wooden soldier, Kantinka and Mariboro' types. G. Narbut's "Land of Toys" is a happy example.

The French books undeniably play the liveliest tune and combine most successfully intellectual conception, experienced craftsmanship and sympathy with the outlook of inexperience. André Hellé has been a manufacturer of toys, a cartoonist, a stage decorator, designer of ballets and a book illustrator. He uses black to emphasize design with great success, and although his cleverly schematized small figures are of Noah's Ark stiffness, the general effect is that of organized realism.

Eddy Legrand runs through the regions of modernism without pausing long at cubism, futurism or other ports of call. Devious and dealing with adult comedy, he nevertheless holds the attention of young minds by his ebullient energy and the intricate profusion of detail by which young minds are quite apt to be fascinated. It is well understood by psychologists that a drastic simplification is less nourishing to the adolescent than a somewhat elaborated variety of mental appeal. Either answers its purpose, however, if the emotional and imaginative message is clearly conveyed.

Boutet de Monvel

In this no one has surpassed M. Boutet de Monvel in his illustrations of "Filles et Garçons," by Anatole France. What flavors of Gallic temperament are gathered into this little collection. Lucie nobly devoting herself to a little convalescent, actually herself bringing "la tisane"; tired little Catherine and Jean dropping their flowers at the end of their holiday as they drag homeward; Little Jean perched on the top of a hill discovering himself as an idol—these are universal; but within this universal how many particulars of humanity and childhood and the pleasant land of France!

Guy Arnoux, signing himself also "artiste à Paris," illustrates old songs and shows a passion for historic costume." Henri Rivière, illustrating the ancient story of the "Child in the Manger," leads us into a crepuscular fairyland of dim blue pallors, through which glide the shepherds and their sheep under a star-lighted sky toward the Bethlehem stable. Henriette Damart works in a stained-glass tradition in her Josette et Jehans de Reims, clean spots of strong color. D'Herouard's pictures for "Les Contes d'un Grand-Papa" are in silhouette, exhausting all the resources of the art for subtle contrasts of scale and intermediate grays, with an occasional flurry of white wings against a black background.

In all the French illustrations there is well-defined tendency toward interpretation of the spirit of the text as that spirit would appear in the form of the present period. When archaeology is called in it is merely to furnish the appropriate domino for a masquerade; there is no pretense of turning back the clock. The artist collaborates with the writer of the text to reach and stir the profound depths of a child's interest and curiosity in the world about him, behind which lurks an unseen world of

Illustration by S. A. Logkin for Russian Nursery Songs.

Illustration by Peter Afanassieff for "The Little Old Mother and Her Son."

which he is acutely aware. The French illustrator certainly is not simple, but he is penetrating.

Among the Scandinavians, Carl Larsson naturally takes a leading place. Many American adults and only too few American children know his lively accurate studies of Scandinavian interiors—of one Scandinavian interior, his own. Cool and crisp, lightly and fluently designating this and that, he nevertheless provides an incontestable and perhaps unique example of an illustrator identified with his subject at every turn, an impassioned mystic entering into the spirit of table and chair, of woven cloth and carven lettering, of the painted clothespress and the handsomely tiled stove, entering, that is, with his whole mind and soul into the mind and soul of his home. "Ett Hem" is his best-known work and reaches its international fame through precisely this intense appreciation of personal environment, domestic atmosphere, ties of relationship and the comfort of a fixed abode.

Yet Larsson has been criticized for his wandering steps, for the foreign and especially the Parisian influences that have played their part in forming his talent. If these have done something to form him they have done nothing to weaken him. The hearty, playful and independent Swedish temperament is embodied in his work.

The Swedish arts and handicrafts, also, found so abundantly in his beautiful rooms, are exalted by him, and he urges upon his countrymen the necessity of preserving their native force through activity in these fields. "Take care of your true self while time is," he says, "again become a plain and worthy people. Be clumsy rather than elegant; dress yourself in furs, skins and woolens, make yourselves things that are in harmony with your heavy bodies, and make everything in bright, strong colors; yes, in the so-called gaudy peasant colors which are needed contrasts to your deep green pine forests and cold white snow."

Work of Other Artists

In his illustrations Larssen shows that he has endeavored to follow his own advice. Bright, strong red and greens and blues take the sunlight in his furnishings and costumes, but he has not made them look like peasant colors, and the word gaudy would occur to no one in connection with them. Once an aristocrat, always one.

Another interesting Scandinavian illustrator is Aina Sternberg Mas-Oila, wife of the painter whose work is known here and herself an artist of distinct individuality. Without trying in the nipping phrase of George Moore, to pass her husband's art across her fan, she shares his liking for a high key and shadows full of light. Elsa Bespom is most ingratiating in such drawings as the little girl nestling swathed and sleeping among pussy-willow branches.

The Czechs in the exhibition lean heavily upon the folktale and weave their realistic art into a bold pattern over which a characteristic technique seems to draw a delicate web. Thus, in spite of heavy color, heavy line and a thick tonality, the Czech drawings have nothing of the primitive in their appeal. It is impossible to infer the reaction to them of children of their own race without knowing the children of their race. What is possible to infer is the recognition by an intelligent observer of any race of the lack of self-consciousness in the designs. The artistic idea develops from the idea of the story without the intervention of applied esthetics.

The Italians are sparsely represented and the few things in their section are undeniably feeble. There is very little, also, of the British element, so little that one assumes the exhibition to be restricted to Continental work. Dulac is here with a charming example that looks, however, faintly anemic by the side of the sturdier talents. Dulac might be counted English, since England is the country of his adoption as one courteously puts it; but he was born in France, and certainly has not assimilated the English style in illustration.

On the whole, these illustrations for children seem to point a moral that probably the modern artist cannot take to his heart. They point the quite terrible moral that the harder the illustrator tries to get away from the region of the story and into his familiar field of art the less artistic he becomes. The illustrators who have worked as Larsson in his sophisticated studio has done, as the unknown Czech has done, or Else Wenz-Victor or André Hellé, with his mind absorbed by the little story he was making with his big tools, these illustrators have risen above the plane of those who work from the outside with their eyes fixed upon the image of themselves which they behold in their design. The individuality of the artist is not what you look for in art for children, in spite of the fact that the artist needs to be very much of an individual to subordinate himself to the material he works with.

Silhouette Picture for "Das Schwesterchen" by Kaethe Wolff.

A preliminary view of the Spring salons discloses artists who have been familiar to the public for a considerable time reappearing with increased powers of expression. Alexander Brook has shown nothing more sustained in execution or more seriously conceived than his nude reclining among red draperies and blue cushions, her black hair a vital patch of robust dark, her body twisted a little in its relaxed pose, the beautiful architecture of her figure studied with critical ardor. A truly profound work, resonant in color and energetic in composition.

Figure Subjects

Arnold Friedman shows again his nude figure, recumbent, the back to the spectator, the gentle curves of distant hills repeated in the curves of the full form, the modeling within the outline suggested with a maximum reticence. The beauty of this figure has been reported by many a commentator upon modern art, and its quietness and naturalness are great qualities. The hills in the distance subtract somewhat from its effectiveness. Their substance is more manifest than the substance of the figure itself. The third dimension exists in them more obviously, and in spite of their gentle and simple forms they overpower rather than sustain the artistic idea expressed in the foreground figure.

Another figure subject in which the artist proclaims himself a hero of the great open spaces, "Maya," by Emil Branchard, large clean areas of human being, a drapery of strong pure blue, a background, large and plain, of Pompeiian red, a French mouth, humorous and philosophic, dense black hair. A painting of interest and force, but sharing with many other works of simplification the appearance of having been enlarged from a small original.

Notable Landscapes

Stefan Hirsch in the landscape bought by the Art News for its annual purchase collection escapes this danger. Although it is a strongly conventionalized and simplified composition, the artist has introduced subtleties of transition that enhance its interest and fulfill its significance. Thus between the snow-laden trees of the foreground and the dark spires of the more distant evergreens a weaving of slim bare twigs and branches lifts the heavy mood of the scene. The arabesque of outline defining the snow patches is another happy device for communicating a sense of freedom and joy. The ability to effect this release of the mind from the dullness too often accompanying efforts of modern painters to reduce their design to essentials cannot be too ardently applauded. It is comparatively easy to be dull and simple, none know it better than writers on art. It is difficult in the extreme to add to the fundamentals of a composition just so much of ornament and contrasted rhythms as to avoid monotony without suggesting elaboration.

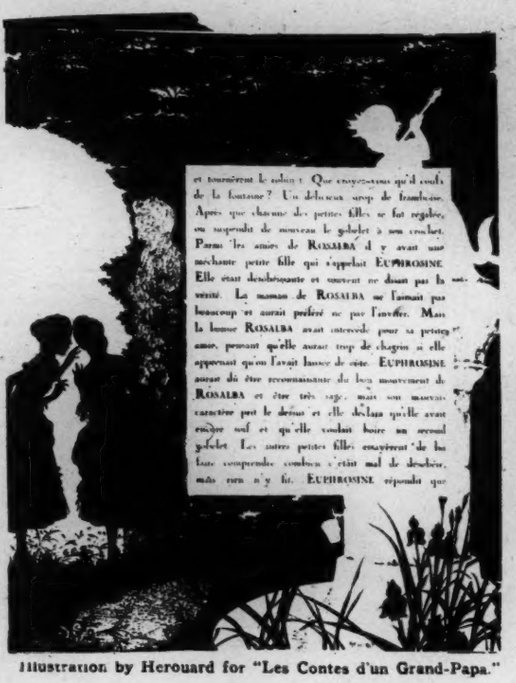

Illustration by Herouard for "Les Contes d'un Grand-Papa."

Another fine landscape by Catherine Schmidt depends for its beauty upon delicately balanced masses, almost entirely devoid of detail, held together by rhythms of color within a pallid tonality. Canadé has done a family group in which the likeness rests upon prominent eyes and a slightly pinched mouth. The portraiture is serious and direct. The primitive effect appears to be the result of honest limitation of resource.

There are several handsome examples of still life, Tsuzuki's lilies in an earthenware pitcher; flowers in a splendid fluted vase by Marguerite Zorach, a sublimated flower by Joseph Stella, its earthly body apparently composed of pastel and pencil and water color and perhaps a pinch of oil color, yet, perhaps, none of these except the pencil to which we are ready to swear. There is some good compact sculpture by Myra Musselman Carr, especially a small figure carved in a hard red stone. The movement toward working directly in stone or marble instead of using the easy clay for preliminary modeling has done well for modern sculpture. Whatever its faults a glib technique is seldom one of them. No doubt other interesting things will be found in the exhibition with a more favorable change to traverse it. The intervals filled with dreary incompetency are, of course, to be expected. They injure the general effect and detract from the good appearance of many a work strong enough, nevertheless, to hold its own in spite of them. These features of the "Salons" type of exhibition are endured by its supporters for the good of their cause, and it cannot be said that their sacrifices are light.

From Guy Arnoux's Illustration for "A Propos des Chansons."

Spring exhibitions in other cities include a number of considerable significance. The Chicago Art Institute has been holding its sixth annual international exhibition of water colors, filling ten galleries with works in this beautiful medium. There were four hundred and fifty exhibits assembled from the United States and from many foreign countries, embracing all the different schools—conservative, impressionist, futurist, cubist, &c. One room was given to the work of Charles Sims, the English painter, and another to John Marin. Over sixty-one thousand visitors to the institute were recorded for the month of April.

Cleveland's Artists

The illustrations in the Bulletin of the Cleveland Museum of Art indicate that the eighth annual exhibition of work by Cleveland artists and craftsmen reaches a high standard. Cleveland lays stress upon the fact that the city has become the patron of its own artists. Last year sales during the annual exhibition came to $12,505, passing the record of the preceding year.

Among the exhibitions of the month at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts modern French water colors from the collection of Martin A. Ryerson of Chicago and original water-color drawings by George Cruikshank illustrating Oliver Twist add their testimony to the rapidly increasing interest in the water-color medium. The Minneapolis Bulletin also records the loan to the institute for a short time of Frank Duveneck's portrait of his friend Robert Koehler who for many years was head of the Minneapolis School of Art.

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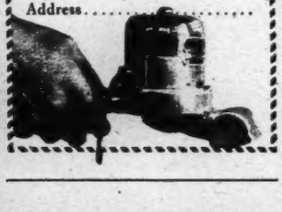

THE COMMUTER SPRUCES UP

Had a Dingy Winter and Cold Spring; Now Comes His Season of Efflorescence

By WING B. ALLEN

THIS is the time of the year when the man who lives in the country can lord it over the city man if he wants to. The city man may bristle about it, but he won't fight, because there is a confident air of I-know-something-you-don't about the country citizen that suggests caution. What has happened to the commuter?

From January to May he wore a dejected air; now he is up and doing. A while ago, if one observed him closely, there came the suggestion that his clothes needed pressing, and his hands were chapped and rough.

His office associates thought that he had some private trouble on hand. Perhaps there was sickness in the family, or the mortgage was coming due, or he had invested in a Southern swamp, or his wife had entered a new cult and was expressing herself—perhaps she had opened a tea room.

He wore a depressed aspect from the last of January on. But something happened to him. Whatever it was, he apparently went through with it. He has come back; there is a new springiness in his step; he has new clothes; his color is returning; he wears a pansy in his lapel.

What happened? Why, there was a terrible Winter and country people suffered. Coal was scarce and expensive, and soft coal entailed constant shoveling, sweeping, dusting and scrubbing. Wind mills broke down, plumbing froze, water mains burst. Traffic all but stopped and some side roads remained impassable for automobiles for weeks at a time. Rural free deliveries ceased, merchandise deliveries were intermittent. Chickens froze on the roosts.

He arose at 6 to do a thousand chores in the dark, till 8, when, if he made almost superhuman effort, he managed to grab on the tail end of the express, arriving in the city abashed, wearing the look of a defeatist. The family broke up. The wife went to visit relatives in the South, the son got a room in town and the daughter went away to school. That's what many country dwellers went through in the Winter, and then came a cold Spring that delayed planting.

But now it is over and there are compensations. The commuter today would not trade places with the city man at any price. Just now the city man is worrying about getting to the country and the former has already pre-empted the place.

There is more to it. Our hero was a man from the West, who had lived with his family in a brownstone front, not far from the centre of things, for ten years. There were all the advantages—all the things to hear and see and do—"except six." He and they liked the city for a time. Then they bought a car.

When they acquired the car life began all over for them. They never knew how to spend money until they owned one. Every week-end they sped—to the country. Father broke all traffic rules getting to the country they found they loved, but returned at a snail's pace to the city they began to dislike. The disadvantage was that half the driving time was misspent getting in and out of the city.

Then they saw a great light and moved to the country—thirty miles out, with acres of land, a barn and a garage. From this place they could travel that much further into the country in a day's run without wasting time on the ride through and out of the city.

Here the discovery was made. They discovered that it wasn't the car they liked, but the country. They quit driving for pleasure. When they drove, it was to get somewhere. After they had landed in their country house they lost interest in the automobile and settled down where they were, contented and happy.

A SQUIRREL REFORESTER

A BIG gray squirrel came down the fence one morning, proudly promenading the top rail, bushy tail held jauntily over his back or sweeping along behind him like a court train of silvery fur. He was the biggest and handsomest of all the squirrel colony that lived in the private park beyond.

A peach tree near the fence was laden with green fruit, and this tree he visited every day. He would nip off a little green peach, always selecting a withered one, remove the skin and pulp exactly as he removed the outside of a butternut, and scamper away with the pit—but not to store it up for Winter food.

The gray squirrel is as improvident as his red brother is prudent and thrifty; he takes no thought of the morrow but depends on charity for his daily bread when the ground is covered with snow. In his native wilds he may store up provender for future need, but civilization has made him a beggar. After inspecting several likely spots, he would finally pick one, bury the peach pit—and forget it. He was not storing it, but reforesting.

His favorite fare was sweet corn. There was a small patch of it across the road, and there he breakfasted daily. He would sit on a fencepost and survey the stalks until he spied a "nubbin" small enough to handle, then he would run up the stalk, strip down the husk, bite off the ear and, returning to the fence, nibble the cob clean, holding it up in his paws and turning it round exactly as human beings do. After eating, he would lick his paws and wash his face like a cat.

When a hickorynut was offered to him one day he immediately accepted the gift and sat on the porch to eat it. Finally he came to the porch for his breakfast every morning, and if it was not set out for him he would take a position on the railing opposite the dining room window, erect his tail over his back and fold his little paws pathetically over his empty stomach—his way of begging.

He became very friendly, capered about the door, inspected the hall, grew bold enough to venture down cellar and to stand his ground in the yard. But he would never allow any one to get near enough to touch him, though he would take food fearlessly from the hand.

There was a butternut tree near by. When the nuts were ripe he was busy from dawn to dusk stripping off the husks and planting the nuts. If all the nuts he planted had been permitted to grow there would have been a grove of young butternut trees in the private park in a short time.

As a test, he was given some last year's chestnuts and hickorynuts. But though the store of corn was gone and he was dependent on the bounty of friends for a square meal, he neither ate them nor carried them away to storage.

He tested each one carefully and rejected all that were moldy or contained no meat. The sound ones he took to different places in the flower beds and garden and buried them. Nor did he ever dig them up again, though he must often have been hungry when the snow fell. Green shoots appeared in due time from most of the nuts he planted.

M. I.

A NEW-STYLE STAGE

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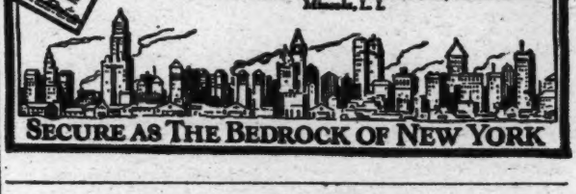

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DECORATIVE IDEAS

(Continued from Page 13)

so that the decorations appear definite and brilliant at a distance.

Also, it is interesting to note that the artistic value of the natural irregularity of the pieces of glass has been taken advantage of. This is in delightful contrast with a former practice that craftsmen imbued with a desire for mechanical uniformity and perfection have tried to impose upon this ancient art.

The mosaics of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi are, of course, a foreign product. But other examples in New York and throughout the country show American artists to be worthy followers of a craft that is older than oil painting.

***

WHAT amounts to an artistic invasion of the Far East by American designers has just been successfully carried out by one of New York's larger stores. Fiber mats for use on verandas and on the floors of Summer homes have been coming over from Japan for some time. But last year this firm, forecasting the growing demand for brilliant color and striking design in Summer furnishings, sent its own designers to the Orient, where they worked out a series of patterns and colors for the native workers to make up. The result has been that the New York householder with a penchant for a strikingly artistic effect in fiber mats for veranda, sun porch or Summer living room may now be more than satisfied.

Odd Shapes and Sizes

Moreover, with considerable daring the designers have departed from the rectangular or oval form of the past and are offering mats of irregular shape, the outlines being suggested by the motifs. For example, one mat is in the form of a Japanese paper lantern, round on the sides and with a flat base and top. The design consists in a graceful black tree branch bearing strange orange-hued fruit, all placed against a background of the natural fiber color. This pattern, as well as all the other designs, may be had in sizes running from 2 by 3 feet up to large ones 9 by 12 feet in size.

A mat with a "fruit-bowl" design displays a black bowl filled with a mass of green leaves and brilliant-colored flowers, highly conventionalized in treatment. The outline of this mat, like the "lantern" mat, follows the motif. Another arrangement shows a gray vase supporting sprays of leaves and flowers worked out in an unusual but attractive combination of peach, tan and purple against the cream background of the natural fiber.

In addition to the high quality of the designs of these hand-made mats, there is also an unusual adaptability of the design to the medium. The flowers and foliage and fruit indicated in the patterns have been highly conventionalized, and the entire design has been adapted with remarkable feeling to the technique of fiber matmaking. Each detail is a separate bit of braided fiber of the desired color worked into the required shape. The color combinations have been carried out with a careful balance of such shades as lavender and peach, with heavy black and light background. While the form of the design carries the air of Japanese art, the color is distinctly an Occidental effect.

GIANT PINE OF KARASAKI

ON the shores of Lake Biwa, near Kioto, in Western Japan, is the little hamlet of Karasaki, famous for its gigantic pine tree. The tree is more than 90 feet high. Its trunk is 37 feet in circumference and the spread of its branches is 240 feet. This tree has more than 380 large branches, held in position by a wooden framework. To shield it from wind and weather a little roof has been erected over the top. In front of the tree stands a Shinto shrine.

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DEAN OF AMERICAN MURAL PAINTERS IS 78

(Continued from Page 9)

readily understand, terms in all senses typically and truly American.

Research and study underlie all that Mr. Blashfield does. But out of these grows something simple enough for the common man to grasp, as well as beautiful enough to catch his eye. His subjects are largely symbolic, and the classic figure abounds on his canvases; but goddesses mingle with everyday men, and the symbolism is based on the people's daily life.

His "Uses of Wealth" in a Cleveland bank shows the classic figure of Capital, with Labor, bearing his pick, at her right hand; she offers the key of opportunity to Literature, Science and Art, garbed as ordinary men. In the courthouse of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., he has depicted Law and Justice mingling with the miners of coal.

His murals in the Detroit Public Library give a history of literature, in a mass of portraiture, from Homer to the leading lights of the nineteenth century. In his work for churches the artist has stepped outside the field of painting to that of designing for stained glass and mosaic work. The recently unveiled four saints in mosaic, in the Church of St. Matthew, Washington, are among his latest achievements.

"From now on," said Mr. Blashfield, "I expect to work every day, and Sunday, too, perhaps. You know we artists love our work so that we do not have to take a day off. Artists work much harder than people commonly believe. It is a mistaken conception to think they have to idle away time waiting for inspiration.

"Michelangelo said, 'Genius is patience.' We must make a business of our work, the same as anybody else. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and to do a thing well means effort and toil. With painting it is as with writing, and all of us know that easy writing makes hard reading. Many times I have set out with a great idea, saying to myself, 'Ah, now I have something really fine at last.' Then when I get half through I find it is just the same old thing, after all. But an artist cannot afford to be defeated by discouragement."

An Inveterate Worker

From the list of Mr. Blashfield's mural decorations alone it is evident that he has ever been an inveterate worker. If one takes into account, in addition, the books he has written, the offices he has held in various art organizations and his lecturing at Columbia, Harvard and Yale, his years appear full to the brim. His doctrine of hard work applies especially to the mural painter, to whom, in Mr. Blashfield's opinion, talent is no more important than experience, and experience is no more important than self-control, together enabling the painter to harmonize himself and his work with that of architect, sculptor and fellow-decorator.

That mural painting demands great physical endurance he learned as a dome painter for the Columbian Exposition, when the artists had to work in sweaters, contending against a wind that blew the turpentine from their paint cups and made their fingers stiff. The lesson was impressed upon him in another way beneath the blistering heat of the Congressional Library's dome.

Now most of Mr. Blashfield's work may be done in New York, since he has gained the experience that overcomes technical difficulties. But on his first work he had to thumbtack huge paper dolls to his dome before he could begin to decorate. A canvas painted on the ground looks differently when stretched on a wall 200 feet up, where space, light and atmospheric conditions combine to alter the effect.

Among the perils to the art of today, this veteran artist has taken occasion to say, is the tendency of youth to look upon toil as a hindrance to the free expression of genius and to hold in contempt the lessons of the past.

"I remember how, when I was a young man," he said, "and my group returned from Paris, we thought that no artists had anything to contribute but those of the younger school. Then we began to grow older and another generation came along, who looked on us just as we had looked on the older men. We realized then that, after all, there was something in the past.

"This is a cycle I have seen repeated, over and over again. It is a peculiar thing about the very young artist that he thinks nothing is any good that comes from a man past 20; but in time he himself passes 20; then he changes his mind. I have seen movemehts come and go in art. With the new there always comes in much that will not stand the test of time. Much of it is chaff. It must be winnowed and sifted; then the best will remain. There are so many movements nowadays that I don't even attempt to keep up with them. The 'isms' are too many for me, but I have no doubt many of them have something to contribute."

Although the work of the impressionists is far from the sort of thing that Mr. Blashfield has done, he by no means decries their influence. Their contribution, he says, is a certain expression of nature that is not to be despised. He finds potential good, too, in their handling of light and color and their manipulation of material. But he would hold up his hand in protest against their distortion of proportions, forms and shapes. With those who draw a sharp line between idealism and realism he disagrees altogether: all good painting in his opinion must be realistic and idealistic at once.

SWINBURNE POEMS AMONG BILLS

(Continued from Page 10)

copy of the first edition of "A Channel Passage," written in 1855, twenty-five copies only of which were printed. The poem was first published in The North American Review for July, 1899, and was privately printed in London to secure the English copyright. The last two lines have a rare beauty of thought, as well as felicity of expression:

No hope is half so sweet and good,
No dream of saint or sage
So fair as these are; no dark mood
But these might best assuage
The sweet red rose of babyhood,
The white sweet rose of age.

To the general reader, "The Leper" has always been one of the best known of Swinburne's poems. Here (in "A Vigil") is the first form in which it appeared:

The night grows very old; almost
One hears the morning's feet move on.
That flower is like a lily's ghost
On the black water—only one.

I thought she was not dying; feel
How cold her naked feet are grown!
I dare not either sit or kneel;
The flesh is stiffened to the bone.

I kissed these feet: never again
Will she kiss me or any man.
Now she seems quiet, though the pain
Has left her very forehead wan.

I fear that she will turn or speak
To me, as yesterday she did;
Those are not tear-stains on her cheek,
Nor wrinkles on her eye's white lid.

Two of the stanzas of this first draft appear slightly altered in the published poem—which has another interest, for it inspired the late Laurence Irving, then a very young man, to write his remarkable one-act play, "Godefroi and Yolande," in which the leading part was played by Ellen Terry on one of Henry Irving's famous tours in the United States.

Typical Swinburne Verse

Here is a stanza—half of another poem, "A Roundel"—which could assuredly have been written by no other hand than Swinburne's:

For a light love's sake if a man be stricken,
Stricken in sleep till he wail and wake,
What herb shall heal or what hope shall quicken
The heart that sinks and the eyes that sicken
With dreams that darken and fears that thicken,
With eyes that hunger and nights that ache
For a light love's sake?

These stanzas were found inserted at the commencement of Swinburne's own copy of the first edition of "The Question," published in 1887.

In "Rudel in Paradise," a further poem on the subject of the death of Rudel, published for private circulation in 1918, the poet asks if the house he sees is God's, and through a window he sees the face of a maiden.

And she is singing, or I seem
To hear her singing through my dream;
It is some angel, as I deem,
That keeps this golden place.
* * * * * * *
Ah me! I dare not look at her,
I dare not say that she is fair,
I dare not praise the colored hair
Nor eyes of a saint.

Why Swinburne never included in his published work the following, "A Study," a satire written in the Dryden manner, no one knows. It was evidently intended to be included in his "Notes on Poems and Reviews," published in 1886, and was, in the opinion of Sir Edmund Gosse, intended as a study of James Anthony Froude, whom Swinburne disliked intensely, and for whom he "never had a word of mercy for his 'gratuitous inferences' and his 'unfair dealing and unfounded statements.'"

First in manure of hot religion hatched,
And fattening on the tit-bits that he snatched
Then with gorge heaving at the daily cram,
And dreaming he had soul enough to damn,
The hybrid, fit for neither man nor priest,
Skulked into light, a ruminative beast.
With foul mouth mincing at the skirts of sin,
With dubious nose and academic chin
Foetid and flatulent, he snuffed and sipped,
Lapped at thought's stagnant pools, but rose dry-lipped.
* * * * * * *
He changed the whine of dolorous disbelief,
To hymn the fat moralities of beef.

There is no mystery, however, why the poem of which the first lines follow was never published. It was because in it Swinburne criticized adversely some of the work of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, for both of whom he really entertained a high admiration. This was reciprocated by Browning, as is evidenced by a letter from R. Barrett Browning to Theodore Watts-Dunton, in which Mr. Browning acknowledged the receipt of a copy of Swinburne's "A Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of Robert Browning." He says: "* * * My father had a feeling of genuine affection for him [Swinburne]; indeed, just before his illness, he told me how highly he valued Mr. Swinburne's generous kindness to himself." Here are the lines I am permitted to quote:

This is what I wish my foemen
May none love them, they love no man;
Save some eunuch and a quarter
Saint with sound of English Tartar.
May they ne'er lack heels to nibble,
Ink to splash or rag to scribble;
May shame flay them to the raw-bones,
And their own verse break their jaw-bones.

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THE MACKEREL CHASE IS ON

(Continued from Page 11)

schools close to the surface, cannot escape the man-made traps that await them. In their blind rushes they poke their noses through the meshes which are of a size designed to fit their contour. The meshes are not large enough to permit of free passage through, nor can the fish back out because the fine twine has slipped into its open gills.

Clearing the nets requires a lot of time, particularly after the warm weather comes and other fish besides mackerel are schooling. The gill-netter will find herring, possibly a few porgies, and worst of all the despised dogfish. Or more likely will he find not Mr. Squalus Acanthias himself but the damage he has left in his wake. Of all the enemies with which both man and mackerel must reckon the dogfish is easily pre-eminent. This pest descends upon the North Atlantic coast around the latter part of June in enormous schools and stays until early Fall.

Strong, predatory, swift-swimming, this small shark drives mackerel, herring, and even cod and haddock by the savageness of its attack. A pack will rush through schools of mackerel maiming and killing right and left. They will sweep down on a gill-net and gorge on the imprisoned fish sometimes destroying or rendering unmarketable a whole night's catch. If caught themselves in a net they soon thrash free by biting through the twine with their saw-like teeth or by chafing the twine to a breaking point with their skins, which are rough as fine emery cloth.

Havoc by the Dogfish

When they attack a purse seine full of mackerel when it is being hauled in they inflict even greater losses. In their eager desire to attack the captive fish they bite holes in the seine, releasing all the frightened mackerel that they do not kill. Thus do the seiners not only sustain damage to gear but they also lose immense quantities of valuable fish. It is estimated that on the Massachusetts coast alone the dogfish do fully $500,000 worth of damage to fish and gear, and probably no less in Maine coast waters. Estimating their numerical strength is guesswork, but in midsummer 1,500-hook trawls have been hauled with a dogfish on every hook, while 20,000 were once taken in the single draught of a whole seine!

Thresher sharks, however, do frequently work in pairs to herd mackerel schools. They rush among them and with their long, flail-like tails stun or kill and devour huge quantities of fish. Belligerent as they appear, the thresher sharks never offer harm to humans who happen to fall overboard in their neighborhood.

Another enemy of the mackerel is the common or so-called mackerel shark. These are stout shouldered, with mackerel tails, seen more often than captured, of moderate size and given to lazing around the surface and waiting for the schooling fishes.

The method of the swordfish is to dart on its prey and with its elongated proboscis or sword wound before devouring its victims. On this side of the Atlantic nobody ever saw a small swordfish. In the Mediterranean, however, they are found no larger than half a pound and from that up to immense size, so it is assumed that that warm sea must be their breeding ground. Some mysterious form of underwater piscatory wireless evidently brings them the word in June that the annual banquet of fat mackerel and herring is about to be served along the New England coast. Anyway, about the last of the month they arrive en masse and bring their appetites with them.

Because it is a schooling fish, the mackerel falls prey in addition to the enemies specifically mentioned, to all predacious sea creatures, such as whales, porpoises, tuna, bonito and bluefish, all of which take heavy toll.

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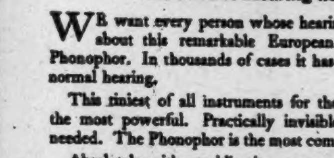

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MONTE CARLO HAS A COMIC OPERA REVOLT

(Continued from Page 12)

the delinquent is taking the judgment before the Paris Supreme Court. The worst of it is, for M. Léon, that two years ago he refused to take an ex-Mayor of Monaco back into Casino employ after the official had been convicted of corruption, the young dictator standing by the letter of the Casino law, namely, that any one and every one suffering conviction by the civil power must quit without more ado—an autocratic ruling which he little dreamed was so soon to be a boomerang to himself.

The moment l'affaire de l'auto was "on," Léon's enemies, powerful and obscure alike, fairly girded their loins for battle, and Tout Va! was born in a crescendo of vituperation and abuse leveled at the écraseur d'enfants.

Through the collapse of the franc, the rise in the cost of living and the abolition of all kinds of privileges and largesse by Dictator Léon, the local population, accustomed, for three generations, to living on the fat of the land, is now far from as prosperous as it used to be, though very well off still, compared with others.

What the Dictator Says

"Monte Carlo," says M. Léon, "has done 22 per cent. better than last year. When the Casino thrives so does everybody else who works. That is all I've got to say." A dark, good-looking young man, M. Léon gives the impression of not caring a straw for the campaign being directed against him, his reading of Galahad Fabi being that that protagonist was out to lampoon him (Léon) and Zaharoff so that the latter would ultimately be brought to terms. As to charges that the employes of the Casino were up in arms against him, the dictator was able to point to a testimonial emanating from the ranks.

Gunzbourg waves aside the matter of the present campaign as a thing beneath him. "My position is clear," he says. "I have a contract. If they pay me in full I go. Otherwise I stay. My sole interest is my art."

M. Sylvio Fabi has to print his sheet over at Nice, but he himself continues to live in Monaco where, reclining in a green kimono and looking otherwise exotic, he consented to explain his views:

"The name of my paper itself tells what I am out to do. Everything goes with the shareholders in the Casino, but not with Monte Carlo! We are under a blight. Léon and his crew have subordinated everything to the gaming rooms—nothing else may breathe. His theory is that if the Principality is made sufficiently dull and sombre every one will flock to the rooms, which is all he cares for. Everything else he suppresses—dancing places, restaurants, anything calculated to remove custom from the tables. In the result, we have no night life here. Worse, the whole place is kept in semi-darkness that visitors may be driven into the Casino from sheer depression.

"Again, Van den Push [the speaker usually referred thus to M. Léon] cares not a rap for the natural beauty of Monte Carlo. To earn more money he is building over all our lovely tropical gardens. Not only that, but he gives all the tenders to Parisian firms to the detriment of local houses, long used to having all such business. Such a tender, of many million francs, he is even now said to be preparing to place outside of our Principality. The man is a brutal egotist without soul or vision. Until he came, we used to have fêtes every bit as grand as Cannes and elsewhere. These fêtes brought great profit to our tradespeople and to our hotelkeepers. Van den Push has suppressed them all 'for reasons of economy.'

"His mania for economy has also led him to fire a large number of fathers of families, to suppress jobs that have existed ever since the Casino was founded, to cut down publicity to a ridiculous minimum, to cancel time-honored Christmas presents, to dismiss French and Italian artists in the ballet, to refuse to augment pensions for old retainers in harmony with dearer living, actually to refuse to recognize the trade union of Casino employes who number more than 4,000 and more or less are connected with every family in the Principality."

"Will you be satisfied if M. Léon goes?"

"That depends. We want Monaco for the Monégasques. We want our Prince to be ruler in his own realm."

"Then is the Prince with you in your fight for self-determination, Monsieur Fabi?"

"The Prince," qualified M. Fabi, "is delicately placed. He relies for his income on the Casino."

"Who is behind you?"

"Sylvio Fabi."

From Tout Va! we learn, haphazard, that M. Léon drew some $50,000 for the year just ended, and that his seven assistants, who include the brothers of three French Cabinet Ministers, about $70,000 further between them—high pay in francs, for directors' fees. Also that this joint sum only went to make 3½ per cent. of the full amount of 10 per cent. which an organization such as the Casino is entitled to share among its Board of Directors. "Where did the remaining 6½ per cent, go?" clamors Tout Va! "Why, to Zaharoff, of course!" Fabi's paper claims a circulation of 4,000. It contains many high-class advertisements, which is significant, and without a doubt some one in the Casino, high up, is supplying its fiery young editor with the more trenchant and damaging of his ammunition.

Neutrals, including a leading banker, a foreign resident, a hotel proprietor and a restaurant manager, all seemed to mourn the prevalent dearinesss of Monte Carlo, outside of the Casino, and to think it bad policy. They also were alive to the growth of an active spirit of aggression against the existing order, one murmuring "Bolshevism," a second "Fascismo," and a third perhaps hitting the nail on the head by the assertion: "It's all really due to the collapse of the franc and to the fact that the Monégasques find themselves irrevocably bound to France. But they can't do anything about it, however much they might like to establish a gambling rentenfranc at parity with the dollar and the pound. It's much too late in the day now to think about such things as that and that's what's sticks in their gullets."

A lot of rubbish is periodically put over about people in high places being "reformers" at Monte Carlo. The Prince is supposed to be one. So is the Hereditary Princess. If the Prince be a "reformer" in the present crisis, then it is difficult, on the evidence, to locate him other than on the side of M. Réné Léon, out to "reform" in the way of stamping out graft and corruption, and of instituting a stern business rule as distinct from the happy-go-lucky régime of Camille Blanc. Léon and Zaharoff came with the Prince; the Prince's nominee is head of the highly important secret service branch; the Prince derives his income from the Casino; and when Lady Zaharoff died recently, he was the first to call personally to condole.

H. S. H. Prince Louis, it is said, cannot stand the sight of Raoul Gunzbourg, the petted one of Tout Va! and as an out-and-out Frenchman at heart he can hardly be opposed to the giving of contracts to French firms. M. Léon himself says: "The Prince does not occupy himself with these affairs." He may soon have to do so, however, or ignore the call of a goodly number of his subjects.

On the other hand, the home rulers nourish perhaps an exaggerated idea as to the profits their bête noire, the "international financiers," are making at the present time. On paper, 130,000,000 francs—what the Casino earned in the gambling year just closed—may sound a terrific sum, yet, reduced to parity, it is less than one-half of the $9,000,000 which the fables took in 1914! In other words, the home rulers are expecting the Casino to continue the same largesse as in days of old, while raking in less than half their former takings—in a world thrice as dear to live in!

HADDON HALL TO REOPEN

(Continued from Page 6)

about 110 by 16 feet, is said to have been cut from a single tree. Its walls are oak from top to bottom, carved wainscoting ending in an oak frieze in which the omnipresent boars' heads and peacocks alternate. This magnificent gallery has been the scene of such festivities as have been held at Haddon since the second Duke abandoned it in 1702 for Belvoir Castle. Two hundred couples danced here to celebrate the signing of the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, and the tenantry are always entertained here when the Duke's heir attains his majority.

Some of the other rooms are equally fine, but poorly lighted. The dining room is ornately carved, and yet there is much, too, of the rugged simplicity of the age Haddon typifies in the motto carved in oak over its fireplace: "Drede God and honor the Kyng." An oriel window overlooking the garden is the dining room's only source of light and it takes a bright day to bring its oak paneling, ceiling, boars' heads and coats of arms out of dusk.

The state bedroom is better lighted and is one of the handsomest of the smaller rooms. The bed itself in which George IV is said to have slept at Belvoir Castle is now railed off and in a dilapidated condition; but the oak walls and the Gobelin tapestries have been well preserved. It contrasts in every way with an adjoining room, which caretakers usually describe as the "state" room. This is believed to date from the twelfth century, and is the plainest and gloomiest room in the building.

The buttery window, where villagers and other retainers of the feudal baron used to receive trenchers of food and flagons of ale; the ale cellars and great kitchens with irons for spits in their immense fireplaces; the chapel with its open timber-work roof, its Elizabethan music gallery and its mixture of Norman and Gothic architecture; the gloomy room of the chaplain (now a storeroom for old pewter, an old cradle, old jack-boots with huge antique spurs, old doublets, old hunting horns and an old matchlock); the great hall itself, with its gallery for the "musicyons" and the raised dais on which the lord of the manor sat, with his guests placed according to their rank above the salt; the state drawing room with its tapestries, hung possibly to overcome the draughts and possibly to conceal the rude workmanship of the wall panels—all these have been carefully maintained.

The decay visible in a painting here and in a coat of arms there is the decay of sheer age. The only definite and complete loss is that of the stained glass in the windows over the altar in the chapel, which was stolen many years ago and has never been recovered.

A new water supply and an electric light installation are the first improvements made by the young Duke. The wainscoting in the grand gallery has been put into thorough repair. The great hall has been given a new roof of oak topped with gray slate in the seventeenth century style, and the chapel has been gone over. The entire building is expected to be ready by the Summer of next year and, if the young Duke is anything like his father he will move in without ceremony. But his mother, were she managing it, would know how to do ample justice to that picturesque moment when the Duke of Rutland again goes into residence at Haddon Hall.

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CLASH OF COLORS IN AFRICA

(Continued from Page 5)

her husband, his other wives, all relatives within reach, and even the kraal, as oracle or caster of nativities. One such among his wives is the affliction of the first headsman you meet in Zululand. Her costume is scant and maladorous, her manner vindictive. She hurls grim jests and quips at all who pass her way, with frank allusions to the intimate affairs of village maids and matrons.

She mistakes you for the periodical tax-gatherer and growls at you.

"Gone are the mighty days when, did the rains hold off or sickness come, the diviners saw and told who wrought the evil so that some one suffered greatly. But now the law forbids this. The law! And what does the law, but pry, hampering men and working evil with this tax and that tax, seeking always peace and money, money and peace? And to what end?

"See how the people toil. And what avails it? The cattle kraals are empty, the crops grow scant. But in the days of long ago, when no true Zulu worked, if aught were wanted we needed but cross the border and find it there. Cattle in plenty. Corn ready ground. Women for barter and toil.

"What matter that the weak were slain and that for miles the Fingo smeared the face with ashes? What matter, so that we, the victor, lay fully fed! Wow! Those were the days when kings were truly kings, eating whole tribes at will; and men were very bulls, prancing with illpent vigor. While now, Inkos, behold the men!"

It is true that these men no longer garner enemies. They are a carefree lot, though, and out of their heritage, proud-looking. One of the retained customs is that of having their wives plant and manage the crop of mealies (corn), sweet potatoes, pumpkins, while the small boys look after the cattle and goats. That leaves them much time for loafing and they do that thoroughly, remaining within doors most of the days, in the huts that their wives have built.

Women greatly outnumber the men among the natives, which takes their importance down several pegs. Since the Government placed a head tax on its native population a man does not take too many wives without due consideration; the high cost of living burdens him. It is true that two of the Basuto chiefs have thirty-five wives apiece and various of the wealthy tribesmen ten to twenty each, but the average native observes moderation.

Cattle Pay for Wives

It is still customary that cattle shall be turned over by the bridegroom to the bride's parents before he can lead her away to his own kraal. Many of the men go to work in towns to earn enough money to buy cattle to pay for a wife—that is to say, six or eight head.

The law provides for lack of domestic harmony. When great trouble comes to the woman through her husband she is not irrevocably bound but may return to her parents and demand that they support her from the cattle paid for her. These include the offspring of those cattle, so careful count must be kept of the calves.

If a woman is left a widow with only female children she inherits her husband's goods. But if her brother-in-law contributes toward the maintenance of the children he is entitled to a portion of the proceeds from the sale of his nieces.

If a man is found guilty of seducing or abducting an unmarried woman the fine is six head of cattle, or as much as if he had taken the trouble to marry her. Long ago Mosheah established the law of thefts and this remains today: a beast shall be repaid by a beast, a second beast for compensation, a third as a fine to be paid to the court.

An induna, or village counselor, passes you on your way, stalking superbly along, ringed, club and shield in hand. His snuffbox flaps from the lobe of one ear, his snuff-spoon from the other. He is stalwart and haughty, wrapped in a worn kaross and true African dignity. Behind him his three lithe wives pad soft-footed in Indian file. There is harmony among the three, for "is there not less work to be done by one when there are three?"

It is true the kraals are not overclean, but each is a place to warm the heart of the Arcadian—lazy laughter, song and labor ranking in the order named. Wants are few and apparently easily satisfied from the untidy little fields around. The possessions of that haughty Philistine of an induna, for instance, are worth perhaps $2.50, excluding live stock.

In the dawn, a short distance out of the village, your horse shies at a prostrate witch doctor overcome by Kaffir beer. In these cultivated sections the Kaffir cornfield stands side by side with the field of mealies. The beer made from the former contains only 2½ per cent. alcohol, but it is sufficient percentage to make the native very drunk.

Spirits and Witch Doctors

Witch doctoring is profitable in a land as drenched as this with the primitive superstitions. The native believes spirits are there, good and bad—especially bad. The woods are full of them. Some even live under the water. A few bring rain. But others—and these have the ascendancy—are occupied in keeping it off, in binding the soil so that hoeing is doubly hard, in tampering with cattle and in carrying evil between man and man.

Tell the raw native that there is dignity and manly satisfaction in labor, and he sees the fallacy at once. Speak about a benign God whose good-will reaches to all men, and his interest wanders. But get started about some new and peculiarly malignant devil, and you have him spellbound, fascinated beyond all thought of time or reason.

The witch doctor juggles with them all. In spite of the prohibition against witchcraft, he does a brisk trade in charms for curing impotency in field or stock, compounds love philters for destroying opposition in young women coveted by aged polygamists, manipulates certain bones which when cast permit interpretation of fantastic dreams and visions that on hot nights beset overfed people sleeping in stuffy huts.

In Southern Rhodesia, high on the summit of a mountain of the Motopos range, is the cave of the Umlimo spirit, malignant, causing death, illness, personal harm and famine. Offerings of tobacco, antelope, horns, pottery, are left at the door of his cave for appeasement. This spirit speaks only through a priest, and his oracles in days past have been the cause of many massacres. In one rebellion that rose out of advices from the Umlimo spirit the Government had to pay $1,800,000 to settlers for losses suffered.

Education, in the circumstances rather experimental, is extended to the native. In places he has his own press, his native teachers of European learning, his own Christian ministers, his own carpenters, masons, bootmakers, tailors, and even graduates in law and medicine. But those who work with him say his qualities are of the immature brain.

Segregation is the first definite policy advanced toward the solution of the South African dilemma. History keeps ominous record of what has happened whenever the native and colonist have been brought together—one or the other inevitably succumbing. In America it was the native; in ancient Africa the colonist. In Asia Europeans have never established themselves except as a small ruling caste. In South Africa it remains to be seen. Party differences are interfering with the suggested solution. But that is history, too.

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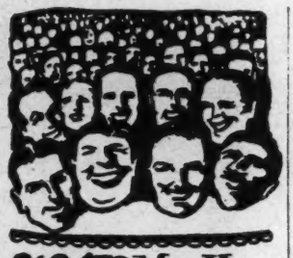

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S KNIGHTS DEFEND HER

(Continued from Page 1)

politician, no more than a normal diplomatist, no more than a normal theologian and no more than a normal amateur in art and letters. How does that help us to account for her astounding authority?

It is just here that Lytton Strachey, with all his glitter of phrase, deals only with the surface. He elaborates the theory that Victoria was only veneer. It was not herself that reigned; only the echo of somebody else—a dynasty of controls for whom the Queen acted as medium. Hers was not a reign but a seance; she was, as it were, sensitized by the Baroness Lehzen, her governess; Baron Stockmar; King Leopold of Belgium; Melbourne; the Prince Consort; Disraeli; and even John Brown, her attendant! Victoria was the pale moon that reflected the glory of these attendant suns.

In reading Lytton Strachey, you must allow for two factors. First, never believe Greville unless you are sure that Greville has not elsewhere contradicted himself, which often happened. And secondly, never commit yourself to Strachey until you have looked up his omissions, which are often more significant than what he inserts. Take that morning when Victoria came down in her dressing gown and learned that she was Queen. What was the really revealing detail. It was this—that when the Lord Chamberlain said, "Your Majesty," the girl would not allow him even to announce the King's death without first kneeling and kissing her hand. That was an initiative, never rehearsed, before the Baroness. At least, there is no evidence of a rehearsal. It was the savoir-faire which, to Victoria, was instinctive.

Again, Lytton Strachey tells us truly that on the day of her accession Queen Victoria wrote a letter of condolence to Queen Adelaide, rendered a dowager by King William's decease. But what was the act on the part of Victoria that evoked amazement from statesmen so experienced as Lord Melbourne? It was no mere letter of condolence. Proceeding on her first visit to Windsor, the Queen asked if etiquette did not require that the Royal Standard be raised to the masthead on her arrival. She was told that such would be the case. Immediately she gave instructions that, since Queen Adelaide, the dowager, was still in residence, the flag was to remain at half mast. Whose tact was that? Baron Stockmar's? He was in Germany.

No Second Sovereign

That she loved Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is not only the fact but greatly to her credit. But that there was ever a second sovereign on her chessboard is a myth. She wanted the Prince Consort to have a good income. But she was adamant against his creation as a British peer in his own right. In the game of sovereignty, Albert was her favorite pawn; never anything more. He guaranteed the succession. He relieved the burden of routine. But, as Tennyson put it, he was simply a husband, "the noble father of our kings to be," and by no means the unhappy husband that he has been represented.

In his wife, he was singularly fortunate. And he appreciated it. It was not Victoria who was responsible for his health. He was overworked. Among other details of daily routine, he prevented a war between Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, he revised the dispatch before breakfast. And it was the last dispatch that he did revise.

It is true enough that, stricken by widowhood, Victoria took refuge in seclusion. Lytton Strachey tells us that she was a martyr to her determination to carry on Albert's work. But that was only her way of putting it. What she meant was England's work. She knew that she had so much strength, and no more. She cut out the shows of sovereignty, therefore, and concentrated on the actualities. There are stresses under which the strongest can do no more than carry on. When criticized, she said so. And she said it only because it was the truth.

But to interpret her seclusion as a kind of hysterical abdication is again fanciful. Her emotions were entirely subservient to her strategy. She knew precisely what impression she wished to produce and she produced the impression. She might not be seen. But her sorrow was a darkness that could be felt. And when she emerged, it was like the sudden shining of the sun after an eclipse. In pageants, compared with which her coronation was parochial, she was—amid kings and princes and poets and Prime Ministers—the only person present. Almost a dwarf herself, she dwarfed every one else.

Victoria's Flowers

Victoria liked Disraeli. But the idea that, after forty years of contact with Peel and Gladstone and Wellington, she failed to see through Disraeli's obvious flatteries, or that she seriously cared for him as a man, is once more, a delusion. Disraeli, like Strachey, thought he knew how to manage this silly little Queen. He called her the "fairy" and Strachey is entranced by the aptitude of the Spencerian allusion. He pledged to her his chivalrous fealty. And the Queen allowed him to make a fool of himself. It served her purpose. Indeed, she sent him primroses, picked by her own hand.

He did not know, nor apparently did Lytton Strachey suspect, that Victoria, at that very period, was sending flowers to many friends, including—if I may mention it—my own great-grandmother, who lived at Windsor. Nor was it my great-grandmother who misunderstood. It was Disraeli who lived in a dream from which he only awoke when he felt the grip of an iron hand. He then realized what it was that Queen Victoria had been saying with flowers. And she forced him to keep his word. The fairy wand descended on the Prime Minister's head as a royal scepter. And the sovereign of Disraeli's soul sailed on her way, this puppet of the Lehzens and Stockmars and of John Brown—the Empress of India. Disraeli doubtless laid on flattery with a trowel. But at flattery, he was an amateur compared with the Queen.

It was she who got what she wanted. And when Disraeli died, she shed not a tear, the day after.

For on the theory that Queen Victoria was a mere child of impulse, emotion and enthusiasm, always under the domination of wills other than her own, you are brought face to face with an inexplicable paradox. In 1880 the last of her "controls" had vanished. There was no Lehzen, no Stockmar, no Prince Consort, no Melbourne, no Disraeli. But there was most certainly a Queen Victoria. And never did her prestige stand higher. If she did not argue over policy with her Ministers it was because their policy was her own. She wanted an empire; they extended it. She let well alone. But, as Strachey tells us, King Edward himself, when Prince of Wales, was no more than a schoolboy in his mother's presence. And Archbishops trembled at her nod.

For steadiness of purpose, fidelity to a great trust, kindliness to the poor, faithfulness to marriage, reverence to God, Queen Victoria, with her ordinary virtues and her normal fastes bequeathed an example at which it is easy to scoff. If, however, she was second only to Elizabeth among European Queens, which is Lord Rosebery's verdict, there was a reason. And the reason was inborn in Victoria herself. She bowed her neck to the yoke. She obeyed the call. It was because she served that she ruled. Amid the frivolities of mankind she was sovereign of the worth while.

GEN. WASHINGTON PUSHES ON

(Continued from Page 7)

of the garrison," and Washington was authorized to enlist 2,000 Indians in his army.

This step was not one to which humane men readily consented, for the cruelties of Indian warfare, even under the best conditions, were well known. But both the French and the English had used Indian allies in their wars earlier in the century, and the British, as has been seen, were employing them in Canada. Not to use them, or try to use them, was to throw away a military advantage, and that the hard-pressed Colonies could not afford.

For the defense of New York City Washington was authorized to build fireraffts, rowgalleys, boats and floating batteries. He must have known that these would be futile if the British arrived in force, and yet he was too excellent a commander not to use every instrument that might cause them loss or delay their advance.

Finally, Congress resolved "that an animated address be published, to impress the minds of the people with the necessity of their now stepping forward to save their country, their freedom and their property."

Just how much Washington had to do with this last resolution is uncertain. "Animated addresses" came so easily from the fluent pens represented at Philadelphia! If they would save the country the outcome was assured. But words would not be enough when the lower harbor of New York was dotted with the sails of British men-of-war.

Yet there were certain words whose potency even Washington did not doubt—the words that would once for all sever the Colonies' connection with Great Britain. And here it is possible to trace an interesting sequence of events.

Washington, as has been said, arrived in Philadelphia on May 23 and first appeared in Congress on May 24. He had frequent conferences with a committee controlled by the friends of independence, and there is no doubt that he had many private meetings with Lee, Adams and the other radicals. Washington was a man of enormous personal force and of powerful convictions. He was well aware of the enormous military value of an out-and-out Declaration of Independence. What could be more likely than that it was his influence, during those few days in Philadelphia, that determined Adams and Lee to put through their declaration without further delay?

We must run ahead of our story to make the point clear. Washington reached New York, on his return from Philadelphia, on June 6. On the following day Richard Henry Lee of Virginia introduced his resolution that the Colonies "are and ought to be free and independent States." This close connection could not have been accidental.

The independence movement was spreading like wildfire. Its spirit was well expressed by the town of Boston on May 23: "Loyalty to him [King George] is treason to our country. * * * We think it absolutely impracticable for these Colonies to be dependent upon King George without endangering the very existence of the State."

In the midst of these great events it may be refreshing to pause and read a letter from John Adams to his wife Abigail: "I want to take a walk with you in the garden, to go over to the Common, the plain, the meadow. I want to take Charles in one hand and Tom in the other, and walk with you, Abby on your right hand and John upon your left, to view the cornfields, the orchards, &c. But instead of these pleasing scenes of domestic life I hope you will not be disturbed with alarms of war. I hope, yet I fear."

The fathers, human as they were, were willing even to be homesick that liberty might not perish.

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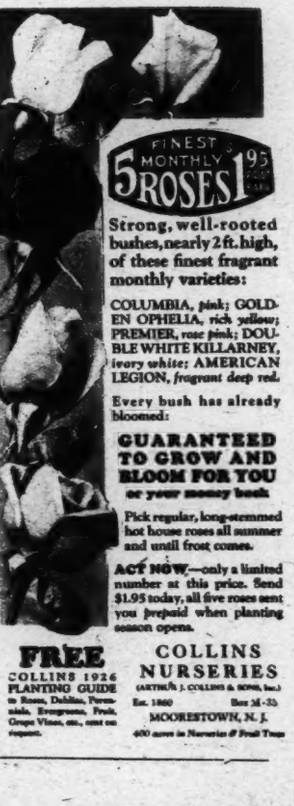

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UNCLE SAM NOW HEEDS HIS NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 4)

in regard to them, feel strongly the need of a clearing house where they can compare data, sort out old policies and fashion new ones more in keeping with the ever-changing conditions.

An excellent clearing house of this kind is the Institute of Politics, now in its sixth year. For four weeks each Summer experts and authorities on the world's political problems and the forces that underlie them come together at Williamstown. Statesmen and administrators of international reputation set forth the problems and the policies of their countries. Scientists present the effects of physical, social and economic facts in the life of nations. At "round-tables" groups of experts meet to examine this or that country or section of the world; to diagnose its ills, and to seek a cure for them. Thus the Institute of Politics puts a keener edge to Uncle Sam's thought about his neighbors and builds a broader basis for his policies toward them.

A similar but young institution is the Harris Foundation at the University of Chicago. Here, on the Midway, gather each Summer the leaders of thought and opinion of the Middle West for an intensive study of a particular problem in world politics. Honolulu is still later in the field, with a biennial conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. In this crossroads of the Pacific students, publicists and officials from the various nations bordering that great ocean meet and seek an understanding on the tremendous issues that must inevitably arise between their peoples as the vast expanse of waters shrinks to a lake before the exploits of modern science.

Another striking indication of the interest Uncle Sam is taking in his neighbors is the growth in all sections of the country of societies and associations for the study and discussion of foreign affairs. It is all very well to read carefully prepared magazine articles and books setting forth one side or another of a debated policy, but it is vastly more informing if you can get the opponents face to face over a luncheon table and hear them present their cases and meet each other's criticisms. Then, indeed, does world politics become a living thing. Membership in such association has well-nigh doubled every year for the last five years.

Uncle Sam's Foreign Agents

It is not enough for Uncle Sam that he should know and understand these world problems. He is a large and extremely important part of the world, and his attitude and acts contribute not a little to the making or solution of the problems that arise. He must be able not only to think clearly, but also to act skillfully and effectively in world affairs. To this end he must have men trained in the profession of diplomacy, men as able as are the skilled diplomatists of the Old World.

The Foreign Service has already ceased to be a political vermiform appendix. The World War furnished a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in the need of a great nation for an adequate diplomatic service. The days of Bryan and his "deserving Democrats" are gone forever. Henceforth America's diplomatists must be men of ability and experience, long trained to the most exacting of the professions.

The Rogers act of 1923 brought about the complete reorganization of the consular and diplomatic services. Under its provisions the Foreign Service is no longer a preserve for dilettanti of wealth, but a calling with a future open to the highest opportunities for any young man who chooses it. He will be adequately paid, and no door will be closed to him—not even those doors leading to ambassadorships or to the office itself of Secretary of State.

Such a service makes an urgent demand for a wholly new development in diplomatic training, to meet which plans are already well advanced. A group of public-spirited men who have themselves come in contact with international problems, are securing an endowment for a School of International Relations, to be named after Walter Hines Page, one of the most famous of the amateur Ambassadors. This school is to be affiliated with Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, where it will provide materials for the most intensive study of world problems. The work will be done by men who by previous achievements have demonstrated their fitness, and fellowships will enable them to give undivided time and attention to their studies.

Thus is Uncle Sam creating a greatly expanded machinery for dealing with his neighbors. Is this merely a passing interest inspired by the unpleasant experiences of the war? Hardly. The wave of enthusiasm that followed the armistice has spent its force and had its reaction. The present growth of interest is not based on passing fancy, nor is it the result of one of increased financial power and of a desire for trade expansion.

Uncle Sam's access of interest in his neighbors is due to the fact that he has come to maturity as a nation. In its maturity, as in its infancy, a nation finds foreign relations to be among the most important concerns. Uncle Sam is coming to understand the attitude of John Bull—that old rascal whom he has always half-condemned and half-admired—and to comprehend what it means actually to be one of the great powers of the earth. Whether he likes it or not, he realizes that he must take on many of the problems and responsibilities with which his British cousin has wrestled for a century or two. And he finds it vastly interesting.

TO HONOR JOHN ERICSSON

(Continued from Page 3)

cis B. Ogden was built for the purpose of testing Ericsson's steam-driven propeller. Her trial trip was on the Thames and proved more than a success, for the valiant little steamer made ten miles an hour and added to her fame by towing an American vessel of many times her displacement.

That Summer Ericsson's tug towed the royal barge, on whose deck were the great men of the British Navy, to Limehouse and back to Somerset House. To the dismay of the inventor their lordships pronounced judgment that "even if the propeller had the power of propelling a vessel it would be found altogether useless in practice, because the power being applied in the stern it would be impossible to make the vessel steer." This in spite of the fact that she had skillfully navigated the many curves of the Thames!

Stockton, forseeing the importance of the propeller in naval warfare, proposed to introduce it into the United States. He placed an order with Ericsson for a vessel equipped for steam and propeller. In April, 1839, the iron vessel, barely seventy feet long, crossed the Atlantic with a crew of five. The following November Ericsson came on the Great Western, a pioneer American steamer.

Two years passed before any of Stockton's promises of Government interest were realized. But he found plenty to busy himself with, among other things he introduced his steam fire engine in New York. Stockton asked him to Princeton, where he was informed of a Government order for the construction of a screw propelled warship. Ericsson immediately set to work on what was to be his first boat of the Monitor type. When completed the vessel, according to Stockton's biography, was an object of "universal admiration owing to her speed and sailing qualities, her admirable model, the unimpaired security of her motive power, which was placed below the waterline, and her powerful armament."

But misfortune awaited the Princeton, owing to Captain Stockton's desire to share in her glory. Ericsson had brought a gun from England, which was mounted on the deck of the new warship. Stockton ordered another gun to be forged having the same calibre, but more massive in size, and had it put aboard the Princeton against the advice of Ericsson. This gun, when fired by Stockton, burst, resulting in the death of two members of President Tyler's Cabinet and several others.

Though the disaster could in no way be laid at Ericsson's door, it was long associated with his name. For years the Navy Department ignored the builder of the Princeton.

Ericsson's hot-air, or caloric, engine changed the course of his fortunes, bringing him recognition from the King of Sweden, and leading a group of New York business men to finance the construction of the Ericsson. She was propelled by paddle wheels operated by a caloric engine. The tireless engineer met a further disappointment, however; on her second voyage the boat ran into a storm and capsized.

Then came the hour of Ericsson's life for which all his previous experience had prepared him. In answer to the Government's call for ideas on ironclad vessels, he went to Washington on Sept. 13, 1861, to lay his plans before the President and his Cabinet.

"Prompt and spirited action," to quote Ericsson, was shown in the rapid construction of the Monitor. The keel was laid Oct. 25, 1861, and she slid from her ways on Jan. 30, 1862. Two days after leaving New York Harbor she gave battle to the Merrimac.

His Contribution to the Union

There was no longer any question of the greatness of John Ericsson.

"I have not received any remuneration from the nation for the Monitor," he later wrote, "nor did I patent the invention, as I intended it as a glorious contribution to the Union."

Toward the close of his life honors were showered upon him. He was invited by the Crown Prince of Sweden to visit his homeland and the Department of State wished him to go to Paris as Commissioner to the Universal Exhibition, both of which offers he declined, owing to more important occupations at home.

The first years of John Ericsson's stay in this country were spent in the Astor House, from which he moved to 95 Franklin Street, and thence to the Beach Street home, where he passed his last days. A hermit, with gruff and kindly ways, and many idiosyncrasies, he determined to die in harness, and kept at his work until the end.

In the first hour of March 8, 1889, the builder of the Monitor breathed his last. At the urgent request of the Swedish Government his body was returned to his native land. America's newest man-of-war, the Baltimore, under command of Admiral Schley, was employed to take Sweden's great son upon his final voyage. On Sept. 15, 1890, he found his last resting place in the Lutheran church at Filipstad, in his beloved Vermland.

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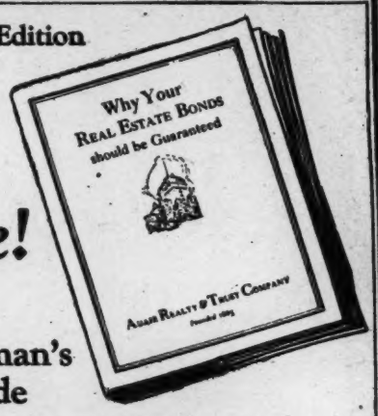

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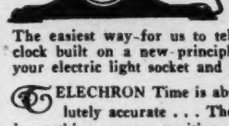

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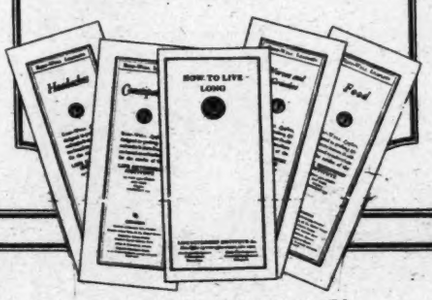
5. Avoid overeating and overweight
6. Avoid excess of high protein foods, such as meat, fish foods, eggs; also excess of salt and highly seasoned foods
7. Eat some hard, some bulky, some raw foods daily
8. Eat slowly and *taste* your food
9. Use sufficient water internally and externally
10. Secure thorough intestinal elimination daily
11. Stand, sit, and walk erect
12. Do not allow poisons and infections to enter the body
13. Keep the teeth, gums, and tongue clean
14. Work, play, rest, and sleep in moderation
15. Breathe deeply; take deep-breathing exercises several times a day
16. Keep serene and whole-hearted

Most important of all is the practice of getting yourself thoroughly examined at regular intervals.



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